THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE CLOD THAT CAME TO LIFE.

A gentleman who was arranging the grounds around his house, stumbled over a lump of earth which had rolled from a new unloaded heap of gravel. He kicked it aside, and bade the gardener's son to remove it with other rubbish.

The boy carried the clod to a spout beneath the eaves of his father's cottage, where the rain fell upon it. Whether it contained seed, slip, or root, is not known; but ere long a beautiful vine sprang out of it, which shaded and adorned the cottage, and was yearly loaded with grapes of the choicest kind, which the gentleman was glad to buy at a high price of the farmer's son, who would by no means part with his vine.

The hidden principles of a sublime growth are lying in many a clod, now quite valueless, and unsightly to those who regard themselves the rich and accomplished of the earth. But the clod would come to life, and bear fruit high above their heads, if there were only some one to give to it a few drops from the eave.

☞ The editor of the Southbridge Journal was set all aback the other day, when he asked a farmer's wife how she made sausages, and received for answer—"Take your in'ards, scrape 'em, scald, and stuff 'em."

☞ "Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engineer, of course."

☞ One ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

WHEN?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CORDELIA.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" said he,
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though these lovely flowers are sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
—*Longfellow.*

But when will you give them back, oh, Death!
My flowerets bright and fair.
I loved them well; but your chilling breath
Has lighted their beauty rare.

They were tenderly watched and cherished here,
And shielded from every blast,
But you dropped on their heads an icy tear
As you swiftly hurried past.

Where do you garner your treasures all?
Is it on that farther shore?
Or do we dream when loved ones call
From the land of "Evermore?"

How can they thrive in another land
Without the warmth of love?
Ah me! they need my tender hand,
Though they bloom in the land above.

But when will you give them back again?
Oh white-robed Angel tell—
For Life but brings me grief and pain,
While here they do not dwell.

Will it be when I stand 'mong the bearded grain,
And you come with your icy breath?
Shall I only find my flowers again
When I yield to the grasp of Death?

Will it only be when you carry me o'er
The dim and misty lake?
Oh then may the sound of the dipping oar
On my listening ear soon break.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

But the weeks had gone on; and December was in, and the gentleman had not "come round" yet. Sara Davenal sat at her bed-room window, all her shivering misery only too palpably present to her, as she watched the cold rain falling on the wet streets, in the gloomy twilight of the afternoon.

She saw Roger bring the carriage round. She saw her father go out from the house and step into it. It was the open carriage, but the cover was up, and Roger and his master were sheltered from the rain. It was not the usual hour of Dr. Davenal's going abroad, but the bad day had kept patients from calling on him, and a message had just been delivered saying that a lady whom he attended, Mrs. Scott, was worse.

Sara heard the house clock strike four, and the lamps were already lighted in the streets. Night was coming on earlier than usual. The gleaming of the pools of water in the rays of the gas lamps did not tend to add to the cheerfulness of the scene, and Sara, with a shiver that she could not suppress, quitted her room and went down stairs.

The blaze and warmth of the dining-room, as seen through the open door, was a welcome sight. She went in, and knelt down before the fire on the hearth-rug, and laid her aching head for shelter against the side of the marble mantle-piece, and stayed there until disturbed by the entrance of Miss Davenal.

"Neal's come home," announced Miss Davenal.

"Is he?" apathetically answered Sara.

"I saw him go by with his portmanteau. What are you down there for, Sara, roasting your face? Have you no regard for your complexion?"

"I am not roasting it, aunt. My face is quite in the shade."

"But you are roasting it. What's the use of telling me that? Had I allowed the fire to burn my face at your age, do you suppose I should have retained any delicacy of skin? Get up from the fire."

Sara rose wearily. She sat down in a chair opposite to the one her aunt had taken, and let her hands fall listlessly in her lap.

"Have any patients been here this afternoon?"

EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.

A glance at our engraving, which is an illustration of what will be one of the most imposing portions of the Thames Embankment, will show the reader what its main characteristics will be—massiveness and gorgeousness, without anything heavy and meretricious.

Another practical and healthful purpose that the embankment will serve, will be to give to London an additional "lung"—to adopt the phrase so aptly applied to a metropolitan park—and which the capital is so much in need of on account of its rapid extension. And how rapidly has London extended within the last thirty or forty years!

To give the reader some idea of the cost of the projected embankment, the contract for it, from Westminster Bridge to Waterloo, has been let for £520,000, and the remaining portion to Blackfriars Bridge will probably cost about half that sum, or, in round numbers, about three quarters of a million for the whole of the works, exclusive of compensation.

The total length of the embankment will be about 7,000 feet. It will be completely divided by the bridges into three sections. London has not, and never will have, the gay and lightsome appearance of Paris, nor the mediæval look of Vienna, nor the right-lined military aspect of Berlin. In spite of all the great and beautiful improvements that are constantly being introduced into it, it wears in every feature a spontaneous and practical look—a little incongruous in outline, but full of the spirit of freedom in the filling up, which no design could have impressed upon it, and which nothing but isolated and independent self-energy could have created.

On the completion of this embankment the Londoner need not envy the vivacious and brilliant Parisian his Boulevards and Champs Elysees; nor the pleasure-loving Viennese his Platzen, nor the luxurious, lounging Berliner his Winter Gardens.—The Seine, and the Danube, and the Spree may wash the walls of those places, the picturesque aspect of the Thames will enliven London with its presence.

"I think not, Aunt Bettina. I suppose it was too wet for them to come out."

"Have you been drawing?"

"Not this gloomy day. I like a good light for it."

"It strikes me you have become very idle lately, Miss Sara Davenal! Do you think that time was bestowed upon us to be wasted?"

A faint blush rose to Sara's cheek. In these, the early days of her bitter sorrow, she feared she had been idle. What with the shock brought upon her by that ominous secret, and the cruel pain caused by the falsity of Oswald Cray, her tribulation had been well-nigh greater than she could bear.

"Ring the bell," said Miss Davenal.

Sara rose from her chair and rang it. It was answered by Jessy.

"Is not Neal come home?"

"Yes, ma'am. He has just come in."

"Tell him I shall be glad to see him."

Neal appeared in answer to the summons. He had just returned from that London journey, which had been prolonged by the permission of the doctor. In he came, just the same as usual, his white necktie spotless, his black clothes without a crease.

"So you are back, Neal," said Miss Davenal. "I am very glad to see you. And pray have you arranged all your business satisfactorily?—secured your share of the moneys?"

"Quite so, thank you, ma'am," replied Neal, advancing nearer to his mistress that he might be heard. "I am pleased to find all well at home, ma'am."

"You have been away longer than you intended to be, Neal."

"Yes, ma'am. I wrote to my master stating why it was necessary that I should, if possible, prolong my stay, and he kindly permitted it. I saw Mr. Oswald Cray, ma'am, while I was in London," Neal added, as a gratuitous piece of information.

"You did what?" asked Miss Davenal, while Sara, turned and stood with her back to them, looking at the fire.

"I saw Mr. Oswald Cray, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed. And where did you see him?"

"I met him one night in London, ma'am. He was walking with a young lady."

"Saw him walking with a young lady?" repeated Miss Bettina, in rather a snappish tone—for as a general rule she did not approve of young ladies and gentlemen walking together.

"She seemed a very nice young lady, ma'am, young and pretty," continued Neal, who was getting a little exasperated at the face of Miss Sara Davenal being hidden from his view. "I believe it was Miss Allister, the sister of a gentleman with whom Mr. Oswald Cray is very intimate."

"Well I am glad you are back, Neal," concluded Miss Davenal. "Things have gone all at sixes and sevens without you."

Neal retired. And Sara, bending before the fire, repeated the words over and over again to her beating heart. A lady young and pretty! walking with him in the evening hours—the sister of the friend with whom he was so intimate! She laid her hand upon her bosom, if that might still the tumult within, in all the sickness of incipient jealousy. Until that moment Sara Davenal had never known how she had clung to hope in her heart of hearts. While saying to herself, he is lost to me for ever, this under-current of hope had been ever ready to breathe a whisper that the cloud might some time be cleared up, and he return. Now the scales were rudely torn from her eyes, and reason suggested that his slighting treatment of her might proceed from a different cause than any she had ever glanced at.

"What was it Neal said, Sara? That the pretty lady walking with Oswald Cray was somebody's sister?"

Sara turned in her pain to answer her aunt.

"Mr. Allister's sister, he said."

"Who's Mr. Allister?"

"A sick gentleman who used to be at Bracknell and Street's. I remember, that night of the railway accident, Mr. Oswald Cray was obliged to return to town because he had promised to spend—to spend the Sunday with him."

An idea darting into her brain had caused her to hesitate. Had Oswald Cray's anxiety to return to town been prompted by the wish to be with the sister, as well as the brother? Sara felt her brow turn moist and cold.

"Young and pretty!" repeated Miss Davenal. "Who knows but they may be engaged? Ah! it's Caroline who should have had Oswald Cray."

Meanwhile Dr. Davenal had been driven to the house of Mrs. Scott. It was not very far from his own home, about two streets only. Time had been, and not so far back, when Dr. Davenal would not have thought of ordering his carriage for so short a distance, would have braved the inclemencies of the weather, the drifting rain, the cutting wind, and walked it. But the doctor had been growing ill both in body and mind; since the night of that fatal revelation, he seemed to have become in feelings like an old man, needing all the care and help of one. As he had looked from his windows that afternoon, a sort of shudder at the out-door weather seemed to come over him; a feeling as if he could not and ought not to venture out in it. And he told Roger to bring round the carriage.

He stepped out of the carriage and entered Mrs. Scott's, leaving Roger snugly ensconced under the shelter of the head and the horses steaming in the rain. But when the doctor reached his patient's bed, he found her so considerably and alarmingly worse that he could not think yet of leaving her. She was a great and real sufferer; not as poor Lady Oswald had been, an imaginary one; and in the last week or two her symptoms had assumed a dangerous character. The doctor thought of Roger and his horses, and went down.

"I shall not be ready to come home this hour, Roger. Better go back and put the horses up. You can come for me at five."

So Roger, nothing loth, turned his horses round and went home. And Dr. Davenal, with another shudder, and a very perceptible one, hastened in-doors from the beating rain.

"What's the matter with me this afternoon?" he asked, quite angry at any such sort of sensation intruding upon him.

Is the body at times more sensitive to outward influences than it is at others, rendering it susceptible to take any ill that may be abroad? Is it more liable to cold, to fever, to other ailments? Or can it be that the mind has so great an influence over the body that the very fact of dreading these ills precipitates us to take them? If ever Dr. Davenal sensibly shrunk from an encounter with the out door weather, it was on that afternoon. He could not remember so to have shrunk from it in all his life.

Mrs. Scott's room was hot. The fire was large, every breath of air excluded, and two large gas burners flamed away, adding to the heat. As Dr. Davenal sat there he became first at ease in the genial warmth, then hot, and subsequently as moist as though he were breathing the atmosphere of a baker's oven. He had had many a battle with this same Mrs. Scott over the heated rooms she loved to indulge in, but he had not conquered yet.

It was not much above half-past four when the doctor was beckoned out of the room. He was wanted down stairs. There stood Julius Wild; and Mr. Julius Wild was in as white a heat with running, as Dr. Davenal was with that pernicious atmosphere above.

"I have been about everywhere, sir, trying to find you," he began, out of breath. "At last I bethought myself of asking your coachman at the stables if he knew, and he said you were at Mrs. Scott's. You are wanted in the accident-ward, sir, as quick as you can get there."

"What has come in?" inquired Dr. Davenal.

"A young man fell on his head from the very top of that scaffolding in High street, sir. It is a dreadful case, and the house surgeon does not think he can be saved, even with the operation. The top of the head is crushed in. Mr. Berry and Dr. Ford and some more are there, but they wish for you."

Dr. Davenal did not delay a moment. In a case of real necessity he threw aside all thought of precaution for himself. If human skill could save the life of this poor young man, he knew that his could, and he knew that perhaps his was the only hand in Hallingham which could successfully carry through the critical and delicate operation he suspected must be performed.

He had no great coat with him, and he started off at once with Julius Wild, heated as he was. The rain beat against him in a torrent, for it poured now; the wind whirled itself in eddies about his person. No umbrella could live in it; one which the doctor had borrowed from the hall of Mrs. Scott, was turned inside-out ere he had taken many steps, and one of its whalebones broken.

"A rough night, sir," remarked the young embryo surgeon, as he kept by his side.

"It is that," said Dr. Davenal.

Away they splashed through the muddy pools in the streets. It was quite dark now in the unusually gloomy evening, and the gas lamps only served to mislead their eyesight in the haste they had to make. There could be no waiting to pick the way. The Infirmary was at a considerable distance from Mrs. Scott's, and ere they reached it the cold had struck to one of them. The one was not Julius Wild.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"NEITHER"—"EITHER."

The pronunciation of the words at the head of this article as if spelt *ni-ther* and *i-ther*, which is not unfrequently heard from divines and other cultivated men, is not sanctioned either by analogy or good use, and is only to be accounted for on the supposition that, by some, doubtful use in England is considered better authority than good use in America. Out of seventeen lexicographers, *only two*, and they of little account, (J. Johnson and Coote) expressly authorize the corrupt pronunciation, and the analogy of the language is utterly opposed to it, there being only one word of similar orthography, "height," whose accepted pronunciation coincides with it.

To show how entirely analogy fails to sustain the corrupt pronunciation, the following paragraph has been framed, in which is introduced all the different connections in which the letters *e i* are met with, except as in the word "height," given above:—

Being disposed to walk, I would *feign* have visited my *neighbor*, but on approaching his *seigniory*, I was alarmed by the *neighing* of his horse, and on lifting my *veil*, was terrified to find the animal within *eighty* yards of me, approaching at a speed that seemed *freighted* with the direst consequences. I was in a *streight*—caught in a *seine*. My blood stood still in my *veins*, as I *conceived* my life in danger. Turning my head, I was pleased to see an Arabian *Sheik* near by, and doing him *obeisance*, I begged that he would *deign* to come to my rescue. I was not *deceived* in my hopes. By a skillful *feint* he succeeded in *seizing* the *reins* attached to the fiery steed, and as he was a man of *weight*, he checked him in his impetuous career, and my life was saved. For the favor thus *received*, may he ever live in a *ceiled* dwelling.

Every one of the words in the above paragraph, printed in italics, might as well have its *e i* "sounded as *i* in mine" as "neither" or "either." Where the authorities preponderate so greatly against any particular pronunciation, there is certainly no reasonable excuse for its adoption.

CONQUERING A SEA-DOG.

Some years ago, when the old ship "Light Heart" was new and staunch, and when I had command of her, there happened on board an incident, over which I have laughed many a time, when memory has brought it back to me. I loaded at Mobile with cotton and ran to Liverpool. Among my crew was a man named Rannot—*Sam*, we always called him. He was one of the largest formed men I ever saw, and came from somewhere in New England. He stood six feet and five inches in his bare feet, and was as stout and bulky in proportion. He had one fault, and that was an inordinate pride of strength. He was not quarrelsome, nor had he a revengeful point in his character, and yet he was continually pestering and annoying the crew. Hardly a day passed that he did not give one or more of them bodily pain by his freaks. He would catch a poor fellow by the legs, and swing him over his head, at the imminent risk of smashing his brains out against the mast or bulwarks, and then he would laugh hugely at the poor man's fright. Sometimes he would seize a man by the arms and lay him upon the deck, and in no very easy manner, either. It was no use for a man to remonstrate, for he would be sure to punish them in some way.

Of course I forbade Sam from doing such things; but he could not remember my orders longer than over one night. The love of "fun," as he called it, was fixed too strongly upon him, and it could not be taken out of him. He did not realize how unpleasant his pranks were, nor did he know that the rest of the crew had grown to dislike him. They had adopted many expedients to cure him, but they all failed, and though he had often been made the butt of practical jokes—such as sudden drenching in cold sea-water while he slept, and other things equally unpleasant—yet he always paid his tormentors off with interest. He was, in fact, the worst practical joker I ever saw, and not a whit did he care, so long as he exhibited his herculean strength, and broke no bones.

When my ship arrived at Mobile, on the return voyage, another cargo of cotton was ready for me, and I was ordered to load and be off as quick as possible. But no sooner was the ship cleared than my men—all but Sam Rannot—came and informed me that they could not go with me again unless Sam was discharged. I was not prepared for this. In heavy work Sam was worth any other three men on board, and always willing and ready. Yet I knew how the crew suffered from his thoughtless pranks, and I could not blame them. I told the men to come to me on the following day, and I would give them an audience.

At first I thought of promising them that I would see that the old sea-dog did not annoy them any more, but I soon convinced myself that that would be of no use. Sam would cut up his capers when I would not see him, and the men would not report him every time he hurt them. But soon a new idea entered my head. I had a brother, who owned a large cotton plantation on the Chickasaw. His place was not over fifteen miles from Mobile, and he had just the man I wanted. His big arms were like iron, and his breast and shoulders like a large bundle of wire done up in raw ox-hide.

I bantered my brother to let me have Cato for one or two voyages.

"Take him in welcome," said he. "He's getting too important here."

"What—is he ugly?" I asked.

"Oh, no; just the other way. He's too good natured altogether. He sets the very sanche into the other boys. I've made too much of him."

"But will he work?"

"Yes."

So I got Cato for twelve dollars a month as long as I wanted him, with the privilege of having him for one cruise only for nothing. But I took him "for better or for worse," and agreed to pay for his services.

On the next day I went on board the ship, and when the men came to me for my answer, I asked them if they would sail with Sam if I would produce a quiet, inoffensive man who could handle him, and take said man to sea with me. They said they would—they would have gone with me for nothing, for the sake of seeing Sam conquered. I told them he should be, and enjoined them to secrecy, which they promised.

When Cato learned that he was going to sea with me, he was beside himself with joy; and when I came to tell him what I wanted of him, he laughed till the tears rolled down his great black cheeks.

On the very day of sailing I brought Cato on board. At first the men exhibited some signs of dislike, but when they found what a jolly, good hearted old fellow he was, they gave him their hands. Sam Rannot winked prodigiously when he saw the new man, and more than once he whispered to those near him: *T'here'll* be fun afore long."

On the third day out we got everything snug and trim, save clearing and covering the long boat; and now the crew could find time to snooze by daylight. It was in the afternoon, the wind was from southward and westward, and we had it upon the starboard beam, the ship bowling along at the rate of about six knots. Cato sat upon the combings of the main hatch, and Sam was slowly approaching him, not very unlike as a dog sometimes approaches a smaller animal which it never before saw.

"Say, blackey, get up," ordered Sam, with a grin, at the same time looking around to see if the rest of the crew were ready to enjoy the sport.

"A yah—yah—wouldn't make a poor fellor h'ist now, eh?"

"Yes, git up."

"Don't."

"I say—git up."

"Wha' for?"

"Fun."

"Now you jes' look heah, Sam; you s'pose you fool wid dis chile, eh? If you do, it's all right. But I s'pecs you'll git hurt, and den you'll git mad, eh?"

This was spoken with the most imperturbable gravity, and the negro slowly rose while he spoke, looking as demure as a child.

"Who'll get hurt?" asked Sam, with a flourish.

"I s'pecs you."

"How?"

"Foolin' wid me."

"Now you jest set right down on them com'in's agin," uttered Sam, at the same time laying both his hands on Cato's shoulders.

The negro's brown eyes sparkled, and a broad grin broke over his face as he felt Sam's hands upon him; but without speaking he placed one of his huge black paws upon the joker's jacket collar, and with the other he seized him by the seat of the trowsers. One deep breath came up from Cato's throat like the puff of a locomotive—then the great cords of his neck and arms started out like hawsers, and when he lifted himself up, the giant form of Sam Rannot was swayed aloft above his woolly head. A moment he looked about him, and he saw the long-boat behind him, nearly half full of rainwater.

"A-yah—yah, mas'r Sam. Cool 'um off!" And as he spoke, he dumped the astonished giant over into the long-boat, and as he let go his hold, the massive body splashed in the deep, dirty water.

All the night before it had rained hard, and as the large boat had not been covered, and the plug being in, she was of course well filled. At any rate, there was enough water to completely submerge the victim. In an instant all hands gathered about the boat, myself among the rest. First we heard a terrible sputtering, and puffing and blowing, like a hippopotamus just come to land, and in a moment more Sam's sandy head, all dripping and soaked, appeared above the rail. He saw us all standing there with convulsions of restrained mirth upon our faces, and for some seconds he moved not a hair. Never before did I see such utter misery—such unmitigated woe as dwelt upon that face. Edwin Forrest's

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

is nothing to it. Most truly had Sam lost all his "pride, pomp and circumstance."

"Spect's I didn't hurt you much, eh?" uttered Cato, with becoming gravity.

But it was too much for us. Poor Sam's look at the black conqueror upset the cup, and we burst. With a deep groan the vanquished man crawled over on the other side of the boat and got out, and then made his way below. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck with dry clothes on, and having hung his wet ones in the rigging to dry, he turned to where Cato stood. He surveyed the negro from head to foot several times, and finally he placed his hand upon the arms that had lifted him so easily. He felt of their cable-like surface a moment, and then he said, in a sad tone, while he shook his head dubiously,

"It's no use! *You're a great nigger!*"

And that was the last of Sam Rannot's mischief. His pride of physical strength was broken, for he had found his superior, and he settled down into a quiet orderly seaman. I feared at first that he might seek some revenge upon Cato, but he was too noble for that. He knew that he had invited the attack, and as soon as the first smart of pain was gone, he and his conqueror were fast and firm friends.

☞ Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who has worn a wig for these twenty years, was lately applied to in behalf of the St. Louis Sanitary Fair for a lock of his hair to put in a Congressional wreath.

☞ Dr. Kirkbride, in his report of the Insane Asylums of Pennsylvania, notes the enormous increase of female patients whose insanity is caused by the loss of relatives in the war.

☞ Looks should not be wholly beneath the consideration of any man. Nature does not disdain them. Nothing is omitted that can enhance its beauty. Everything is grouped and arranged with the most consummate skill, and with the direct and manifest object of pleasing exterior vision. The man, therefore, who plays the philosopher on the strength of neglecting his attire, and who hopes that the world will rate the superiority of his intellect in direct ratio with the inferiority of his hat, is no philosopher at all; because the truly wise man thinks from Nature, through himself.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

MILTON ON SHAKSPEARE.

Perhaps it is an amiable trait in human nature that men should be disposed to revere the old, and blind themselves to its faults and short comings, especially in certain cases where there seems to be a general agreement to eulogize and enshrine. Thus Shakspeare's dramatic writings, or the dramas which bear his name—many, if not all of which, are to a certain degree the work of other men's brains, to which fact their character for universality and "many-sidedness" is probably largely owing—are bepraised beyond all sense and reason, as if without a single flaw, although they abound with strained metaphors, paltry conceits and coarse allusions. Until the sensible reader, who is willing to admit that after all allowances are made for unacknowledged appropriations and for numberless imperfections, Shakspeare is still entitled to the foremost place in the ranks of the world's poets, is almost ready to recoil from the sickening flood of indiscriminating panegyric, and take refuge in veracious if unpopular silence.

But our particular object just now is to call attention to some well-known lines of Milton's relative to Shakspeare, which we see quoted in a contemporary, and termed there "the happiest eulogy of all," and "an exquisite little poem." Let us quote this sonnet:—for it may with some propriety be called such, although having sixteen lines:—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a living monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Is the above "exquisite?" Not "exquisite," certainly—whatever else it may be. The verse opens finely however—except that the epithet "bones" suggests what is scarcely a pleasant figure, either of speech or in reality. The "or" which begins the third line should be *and*, for it is simply carrying out the idea of "piled stones" to speak of the "pyramid". "Star-pointing"—the y is put in here simply to eke out the measure; any good writer now-a-days would be ashamed to do it. "Son of memory" is only tolerable. "Astonish*ment*" and "monum*ent*" is a false rhyme—or rather, no rhyme at all. "That," in the tenth line, is superfluous. "*Unvalued* book"—if this be not a misprint, we cannot reconcile it with the accounts we have of Shakspeare's fame in his own day. "Hath * * took" is bad English. But bear this:—

"Thou thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

A paltry conceit this, in our opinion; the best excuse for it being that it is like a good many of Shakspeare's. The reader who reads carefully will see that the idea of the sonnet is this:—That Shakspeare needs no monument of "piled stones," because he has built himself a living monument in our wonder and astonishment. So far, so good. But the verse then goes on to say and imply:—That Shakspeare bereaving our fancy *of itself* (?), we are made *marble* (and lifeless) with too much conceiving, and that we thus become his (marble) sepulchre, wherein he lies entombed in pomp.

Now this is a mere conceit—because it is neither actually nor poetically true. Shakspeare's noblest monument is in the flushed and glowing heart, stirred to its profoundest depths, elevated to its most heavenly heights, by the power of his dramatic genius. And the reading of his works does not leave us like marble, and like the dead, but fuller than ever of the glow and power of life. His monument is one that kings might wish to die for, because its "piled stones" are the quick and not the dead.

Thus we hold that the figure, so far as it is true and poetical, is ended with the eighth line—and that all after is mere emptiness and conceit, much in the strained style of the poets of Milton's day, but not in a style worthy of either applause or imitation.

Of Milton's sonnets in general, we may say, that while they contain some of the noblest lines in the English language, there is scarcely one of them that is not more or less disfigured by some obscurity, some unpoetical coarseness, or some lame and impotent conclusion.

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LECTURE.

The recent lecture by this gifted lady at the Academy of Music was very well attended, especially when we consider the lateness of the season, and the numerous other claims upon popular attention. The lecture itself was a fine one, and was delivered with a great deal of spirit. In consequence of the want of sleep, and the exhaustion produced by spending the previous night in a railroad car—owing to a detention—the voice of the speaker was not as clear and powerful as usual; but the audience seemed by their frequent applause to be well satisfied with the performance. The subject of the lecture was "The Lights of the War Cloud"—the aim being to show that while much is dark and gloomy, the war still has its numerous compensations. The proceeds of the lecture go to swell the funds of the Sanitary Commission.

HOW TO REDUCE PRICES.

A complete remedy for currency inflation the people have in their own hands. Let them, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "Stop dissipating their money in all the many moonshine ventures and lend it to their government—that is, to themselves. Five hundred millions so lent between this and the 1st of July would contract the currency by nearly that amount, appreciating the greenbacks nearly to a par with gold, reducing importations to a fraction of their present amount, and the price of all the necessaries of life to little more than half their present average."

Very true—with one provision. That is, that the state banks can be prevented from filling up the vacuum with their notes. The natural check on the over issues of the state banks—specie payment—being suspended, we fear they have recently been issuing their notes without the fear of either God or Man, and only to the advantage of speculators, monopolizers, extortioners, and Satan generally.

If they have been doing this, and Mr. Chase can give them a lesson, we hope he will do it. We see it reported that he has commissioned one of the firm of Jay Cooke & Co. to negotiate a loan of $50,000,000 abroad. These measures, if accompanied by a reasonable tax bill, a tax on bank bills, and large subscriptions to the new loan, will arrest speculation, check extravagance, and send down the price of gold and of the necessaries of life.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The May number of the LADY'S FRIEND contains an engraving called THE LOVERS, one of the most beautiful in design and execution that has ever been published in a magazine. The double Fashion Plate also has, in our opinion, seldom been excelled for beauty and excellence—in fact, the Fashion Plates of the Lady's Friend are superb. Of the other engravings, we need only say that they are as numerous, varied, and interesting as usual.

Among the reading matter we note the following articles:—"Deacon Denison's Daughter," "Mrs. Jerry June's Fine Original Story," "Mabel's Mission," "The Lovers," by Jean Ingelow, "Dick's Infatuation," "Norah's Ghost," "After Ten Years," by Virginia F. Townsend, &c., &c. Every one who does not take the Lady's Friend regularly, should at least send on twenty cents, and have this (May) number forwarded to them.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia. $3 a year.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

Dr. Williams, of Chestnut Hill, has called our attention to the Japan Pea as a substitute for coffee. This pea browned, has a taste resembling coffee, and, what is important, has very little other taste. It is richer and more nourishing than the American Pea—being almost equal to the Bean in these respects. We tried the Japan Pea with about a fourth its quantity of coffee, and would not have known the difference from the taste of the beverage. Of course you do not get so stimulating a drink—but that to some would be an advantage. The Germantown Telegraph says of the culture of the Japan Pea:—"It is very productive, and should be grown in single stalks, eighteen inches apart, and rows three feet, receiving the same attention as corn. Forty to fifty bushels to the acre, it is believed, can be raised. There is a good deal of seed in private hands, but we cannot say whether or not it is to be had at our seed stores. Every one who can obtain the seed, should put in a patch, at least sufficient for his use; but if he should have more, it can be readily sold at a good price."

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

The author of a recent volume called "The Breath of Life," traces many of the ills to which flesh is liable, to the common habit of breathing through the mouth instead of through the nostrils, which were made for that special purpose. And in relation thereto the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman says:

The writer of this paragraph was formerly much troubled with canker in the mouth, which was always most troublesome when travelling for several days in succession in the open air. Chancing to tarry over night with an elderly, and partially insane physician, to whom we incidentally mentioned the matter, he roughly told us to *keep our mouth shut*; that God never intended us to be travelling up and down the earth with our mouth stretched open, like a country gawkey. We acted upon the hint, and have never since had a real sore mouth.

SEVEN NEW FABLES.

Trifles! Trifles!! Trifles!!!

"Don't," said the pony to the flies, and he shook his head and lashed his tail about, and away they all flew.

"Don't, I say," he cried again, moving to another place, where he hoped he should lose them. And so he did for a minute or two, but no longer. There they were in his eyes, on his nose, at his ears, and all over him.

If he could have eaten them all he would, or kicked them into the next county he would, or galloped them out of the world he would; but there was no doing anything with them. As *he* moved, *they* moved, and every time he attempted to graze, they settled themselves on him, or buzzed in a cloud round his head as regularly as if they had come by invitation.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed at last, "what is to be done? I can bear my master's whip and spur; I can stand being half worked to death over the country, and with the heavy cart—those are evils I make up my mind to; and, if that yelping cur comes behind me, I can give him a reception that sends him flying; but as to these torments, contemptible as they are—too small to be met effectually—I verily believe they'll be the death of me!"

Ah! so is it in human as in pony life. Great trials can often be bravely borne, when petty annoyances, by their number and pertinacity, vex and wear the soul.

No Room for Pride.

"A nice pass we're come to!" exclaimed a bundle of brushwood to some fine tree-tops that were lying ready to be carted for fire-wood. The tree-tops quivered their fading leaves with contemptuous indignation, but did not deign a reply.

"Those were the days," said the brushwood again, "when we were so gay and green. You gave a fine shade then, and as for us, my friends the thorns, black and white, made the hedges like a garden, and the bright gold blossom of us furze bushes was something to see. Ah! those were the days; but we must make the best of it. They've had us in our summer pride, and now they have got to admire us in a blaze as they sit round their fires!"

More and more the leaves of the tree-tops quivered, and an ash, in pity to both parties, thus tried first to silence the low-born loquacious furze:—

"Friends, our union in fate should make us one in sympathy. You, like ourselves, have rejoiced in life and freedom—like us you are condemned to the flames; but as our beauty and dignity in life differed, so will differ the last scenes of our existence. You will but crackle under a pot, while we shall sustain a clear and steady flame."

Then addressing his unduly sensitive companions, he added, "Nevertheless, forget not that of *both* of us only ashes will remain!"

The Owl that Wrote a Book.

The owl wrote a book to prove that the sun was not full of light; that the moon was in reality much more luminous; that past ages had been in a mistake about it, and the world was quite in the dark on the subject.

"What a wonderful book!" cried all the night-birds, "and it must be right; our lady the owl having such very large eyes, of course she can see through all the mists of ignorance."

"Very true," cried the bats; "she is right, no doubt. As for us, as we cannot see a blink, the moon and the sun are alike to us, and for anything we know there is no light in either; so we go over in a body to her opinion."

And the matter was buzzed about till the eagle heard of it. He called the birds around him, and, looking down on them from his rocky throne, spoke thus:—

"Children of the light and of the day, beware of night-birds! Their eyes may be large, but they are so formed they cannot receive the light, and what they cannot see they deny the existence of. Let them praise moonlight in their haunts: they have never known anything better; but let us who love the light, because our eyes can bear it, give glory to the great fountain of it, and make our boast of the sun, while we pity the ignorance of poor moon-worshippers, and the sad lot of those who live in darkness."

Old Dogs and Young.

"What have they brought in?" asked the old cat of Tip, the worn-out terrier, who had just been in the yard to see the game-bags emptied.

Tip, not observing Forrest and Bluff, two setters, following him, took his favorite place before the kitchen fire, and, stretching out his fore legs, laid his nose on his paws and said, contemptuously: "Miserable sport; hardly worth going out for."

"Such bags as we used to bring in," he continued; "*that* was something like sport. Thought nothing of a dozen hares and rabbits—scores of 'em—and pheasants, till we were fairly tired of picking 'em up."

"Ah!" said the cat, who was nearly blind, and almost asleep, "our days were different from these. I was telling the gray kitten's mother yesterday, that before I was her age I had caught as many rats as she had mice."

But Tip was not interested in the degeneracy of breed in cats. He went on still more oratorically on the lamentable change that had taken place among dogs, and describing his own prowess in *his* day. Forrest and Bluff listened quietly.

"Do but hear him," at last Bluff said; "now wouldn't you believe he thinks there is not a dog left worth following a gun!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Tip," said Forrest, "you carried off so much game in your time that you thinned the country, and left none for us."

Tip looked disconcerted at this discovery of having had more auditors of his boast than he had reckoned on, and, dropping his eyelids, pretended to be asleep.

"Never heed him," said Bluff, with a sly glance, for he knew he was shamming; "it's a way old dogs have got of fancying there must be an end of good sport now they are past it. They see double all the success they ever had, and quite forget that they missed at any time. Poor old dog! we must mind and not make the same mistake, Forrest, when we are in Tip's condition."

Whether it was the fire that was too hot, or the reflections of his two reprovers, somehow Tip found it more pleasant to change his place; and it was observed that after that time he looked modest when the bags were emptied, and was silent about the "doings of his day."

Links in the Chain.

The blast that drove the storm-cloud across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The cloud burst; a rain-drop filled the acorn-cup.

A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and, rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said: "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I had not sung so well if I had not drank of the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth had not the acorn-cup received me," said the rain drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown, and unsuspected channels, and bringing in due time, by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud!"

Where the Fault Lies.

"Great brother," said the moon to the sun, "why is it that, while you never hide your face from me, our poor sister, the earth, so often pines in dimness and obscurity?"

"Little sister," replied the sun, "the fault is not in *me*. *You* always behold me as I am, and rejoice in my light, but she too often covers herself with thick clouds, which even *I* cannot effectually pierce, and, while she mourns my absence, ought to know that I am ever near, and wait only for her clouds to pass that I may reveal myself."

A New Light on Things.

"Holloa, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I'm in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard, and you can tell your master that he and the other men, instead of turning the corn end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.

The cock was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes—I have also to remark—"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for all your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls, but the truth is, that fowls were made for farm-yards; get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

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Miss M. M. DUANE.

United States Sanitary Commission,

Central Office, 244 F Street,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13th, 1864.

Dear Madam,—As there has been an extensive circulation of reports prejudicial to the U S Sanitary Commission in regard to its alleged non-supply of the hospitals in and near Annapolis, I beg to enclose for your perusal the within copy of a letter from the Secretary of the Christian Commission in which he apologizes for the mistake in having given rise to such reports.

I may at the same time mention that we always have one resident agent, and sometimes more at Annapolis, that we have now a force there, headed by one of our inspectors, a medical man, to see to the Union prisoners as they arrive from Richmond; and that from the time of the first military occupation of Annapolis near the beginning of the war, we have never ceased to supply most bountifully the hospitals and camps stationed there.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
ALFRED J. BLOOR,
Assistant Secretary.

Mrs. BLOOMFIELD H. MOORE,
W. P. B. U. S. S. C., Philada., Pa.

United States Christian Commission,

No. 11 BANK St., Phila., April 7th, 1864.

Miss H. D. Williams, U S. Sanitary Commission, Camp Parole, Md.,—It is with the greatest possible regret that I write to correct a mistake into which we have been unfortunately led by information from Annapolis to the effect that there was no agency of the Sanitary Commission in your place.

We have received from Rev. J. O. Sloan, our agent at Annapolis—in Naval School Hospital—also from Rev. G. R. Brent, of Camp Parole, letters which speak in the strongest possible terms of your "constant efforts to relieve the distressed," and especially of your own labors, and those of Miss Phillips.

Rev. Mr. Sloan says,—"There has undoubtedly been a wrong impression made at Philadelphia. I have corrected all, however."

I write to exonerate ourselves from the suspicion of having desired to cast even the slightest idea of disparagement upon the labors of the Sanitary Commission in Annapolis. The mistake on our part arose from entirely wrong information.

Will you pardon our mistake, and accept this poor apology, with our kindest regards and good wishes for your success?

W. E. BOARDMAN,
Sec, U. S. C. C.

The Sanitary Commission Fair.

To the Editors of the Press:—SIR—In to-day's (Saturday's) paper, I notice resolutions of *two* Presbyteries of the Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, highly complimentary to the Christian Commission, and advising the several congregations under their care to withhold their means, &c., from the Sanitary Commission, unless the Christian Commission be associated with the Sanitary Commission in the management of the Fair, and made sharers in its proceeds.

To the managers of the Sanitary Commission Fair, I deem it but simple justice to a large majority of the clergymen of Philadelphia to state that the above resolutions are the same in substance and very nearly the same in verbiage as those that were voted down at a large Union meeting of the clergy of this city some two weeks ago. There are some clergymen and others of the opinion that all offerings of benevolence or acts of beneficence should pass through Christian hands, and be carried on through Christian agencies. Yet this opinion is easier held than sustained. Besides, there is a false premise assumed in relation to the Sanitary Commission Fair.

One would think, in reading the resolutions and hearing the subject discussed, that all the managers of the Sanitary Commission Fair had been imported from India, China, or Utah, for the purpose of corrupting the morals of society in connection with this great benevolent scheme. Are there no Christian men and women on these committees? Is there no moral leaven in the great Central Sanitary Commission Committee? Would it not be better and wiser for the Christian portion of the city, clergy and laity, to kindly unite their influence with the Sanitary Commission in this great enterprise, and thus give encouragement and aid to those Christian men and women who are on the several committees, and striving to exert a healthful moral influence, than to stand at a distance, and from behind resolutions which, while they give aid and honor and glory to one Commission, tacitly pelt the other with stones?

Why this spirit of jealousy betwixt two noble organizations? Why should the Christian Commission countenance such a spirit? Why should the great controllers and moulders of morals—the clergy—acknowledge that they are powerless for good in connection with this Sanitary Fair, unless they can work and accomplish good through the Christian Commission? In other words, is the Christian Commission necessary to the Church's power, and will Christian benevolence fail of its object unless it passes through the hands of the Christian Commission? I am friendly to the object which the Christian Commission has in view, to attend to the wants, temporal and spiritual, of our noble soldiers; but why should they now expect or ask for the fair gains of another Commission, whose aims are certainly noble, and no less important in their place, than the aims and object of the Christian Commission? I fear much evil may result from this jealousy; and I do know that the Christian Commission has already suffered by it. She, it is true, keeps quiet, but would it not be magnanimous, Christian-like, for her to say, or to have said, "Gentlemen and ladies of the Sanitary Commission, we wish you God-speed in your noble Christian enterprise!"

But, sir, the Sanitary Commission will go on, and will succeed just simply because it has on its side the sympathy of the people—Christian and not Christian—and because its aims and objects are good, and such as we can ask God to bless.

I have no acquaintance, sir, with any member of the Sanitary Commission; am simply a minister of the Gospel, and desire thus to give expression to my own views, as well as lift the shield on behalf of our noble Sanitary Commission.

I am, sir, yours, JUSTICE.

The Committee on "Correspondence with the State of Pennsylvania" for the Great Central Fair, desire to hear from all persons in the state who are willing to work in behalf of the Fair in their respective sections. Address either of the following ladies—Mrs. G W. Plitt, Mrs Aubrey H Smith, Miss Hawley, Mrs. L Norris, Mrs. Frothingham, Mrs. Isaac Hazlehurst, Miss Wells, Miss Gibbs, Mrs. Judge Strong, Mrs. Thomas Mott, Mrs. Charles Wharton, Mrs. B. H. Moore.

Mrs M. B. GRIER, Chairman.

Miss R. S. Thompson, of Salem, New Jersey, was elected an Associate Manager of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch, at the last meeting of the Executive Committee.

We have sent to each of our Associate Managers a copy of the book entitled "The History of the Sanitary Commission." If any have not received it, we should like to know of it.

From the little newspaper published daily at the New York Fair, we cut the following:—

[We have received from the Rev. J. P. Thompson, and handed over to the "Old Curiosity Shop" the One Dollar "Greenback" described in the following communication:]

A Baptism for the Dead.

Among the relics of the war upon exhibition in the Fair is a mutilated dollar bill which has this touching story. A pastor in an inland town had called upon his congregation to contribute to the Sanitary Commission, and had met a liberal response. The next day a woman who depends upon her daily work for her own support and that of her children, brought him a dollar bill to be added as her mite to the collection. Her pastor declined to take it, telling her she ought not to give so much; but the woman insisted, adding, "We've had it in the house many weeks; we cannot spend it."

Seeing that the bill was much torn, and supposing that she had found difficulty in passing it, her pastor said, "Oh, I'll give you a good bill for it."

"No, that's not it. It was in brother Sam's pocket when he was wounded. He's dead now, and we have his torn pocket-book; and mother said (the mother is a widow, and he was her only son,) we will give that dollar to the Sanitary Commission; we cannot spend it."

The pastor redeemed the bill for $2, and now sends it to be disposed of at the Fair. Fifty dollars have already been offered for it, but we feel sure that this gift of two widows, of a ball-marked relic of their son and brother, will yield to the soldier's treasury an hundred fold. No necessity could have compelled them to spend it, but the cause consecrated it as a holy baptism for the dead.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, April 18th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Soldiers' Aid, Northumberland, 1 box, A. P. Taggart, Sec'y; Soldiers' Aid, Liberty, Susquehanna co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, St. Peter's church, 1 pkg., Miss Dunlap, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Springville, Susquehanna co., 1 box, Mrs. E. Ursula Scott, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Catawissa, Columbia co., 1 box, 2 kegs, Miss Reifsnyder, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., 1 box, M. L. Lawson, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, church of Holy Trinity, 2 pkgs., Mrs. Bucknell, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Sunbury, Northumberland co., 2 boxes, 1 bbl., E. Donald, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 1 keg, Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg., Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y; Mr. F. Warburton, 1 box; Chestnut Hill, 1 pkg., Mrs. Owen, Sec'y; Industrial Branch, 1 pkg., Miss Haven, Sec'y; Hebrew Women's Aid, boxes No. 23 and 33, Miss B. Moss, Sec'y.

NEW JERSEY.

Burlington Ladies' Aid, 1 bbl., Mrs. Anna M. Hyde, Sec'y.

☞ A sharper seeing a country gentleman sitting alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made out of him, entered, and called for a paper of tobacco. "Do you smoke, sir?" asked the sharper. "Yes," said the gentleman, very gravely, "any one that has a design upon me."

☞ "As diamond polishes diamond," says a German writer, "so man is formed by man." Truly. And we may add, as diamond cuts diamond, so man is fleeced by man.

☞ The Montreal Witness asks for a scientific explanation of the fact that this has been the mildest winter ever known in Lower Canada, and the severest, perhaps, ever known in the Western states, and even as far south as St. Louis and Washington.

☞ A man named Aaron Bedbug, of Montgomery county, intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Olivia, is unwilling that he should be called *A. Bedbug*, herself *O! Bedbug*, and the little ones *Little Bedbugs*.

☞ According to Aristotle, large ears are indications of imbecility; small ones point out the rustic and brutal man. Those of the fairest promise are firm and of middling size. Happy the man who boast of square ears—a sure indication of sublimity of soul and purity of life. Such, according to Sentonius, were the ears of the Emperor Augustus.

WOMAN'S LITTLE WAYS.

Whether women "is a 'umbuggin' lot," as the overwrought omnibus conductor observed in his wrath, or "the wust o' fares," as a cabdriver remarked in his anger, let the two Houses of Parliament determine. All I ask is, whether they haven't little ways—perhaps I might say, without offending them, aggravating little ways. Can any woman, for instance, without a great wrench to her feelings, do exactly what she is asked to do, and no more? Did any man, to put the simplest case, ever ask for a pin without being offered two or three pins, or even a pincushion full? Lives there the man who at his earnest entreaty ever succeeded in getting half a cup of tea? Isn't it always three-quarters of a cup, or nearly a whole cup? Did any man, in a hurry, ever ask his wife, or his sister, or his cousin, just to sew a button upon his glove, but she attempted also to sew up small rents, examine his other glove for fissures, and do her very best to show her extreme benevolence and devotion by making him late for his train or omnibus, or whatever he is in a hurry to catch? Did any man ever ask his landlady or maidservant for a lucifer-match but she brought, at least, half-a-dozen? It is exceedingly kind, and nice, and deserves gratitude, no doubt; but I maintain that, under certain circumstances, it is aggravating and produces irritation which often leads to "a few words," which are succeeded by "nagging," which either disharmonizes or indisposes to matrimony. Pepper, the terrier, likes to be petted and made much of generally, but if the time chosen for the attention be just at the moment when he wants to be off with a particular bone which he has begged for and gained, he considers it rather a bore than otherwise, and if you persist in it, shows a disposition to snap. So it is with men. When they desire one particular thing, and have several others which they do not want thrust upon them at the same time, they turn "kind o' savage." My experience (as a lone, lorn creature) is chiefly with hand-maidens and landladies, and I have discovered that even they, notwithstanding the many calls upon their time, cannot overcome the propensities of their sex, and do just exactly what you beg of them. Should I, for instance, request Mary to bring me a wine-glass, she brings me half a dozen; should I plaintively demand a pair of boots, as I want to go out immediately, I am kept waiting an unconscionable time, after which, Mary appears, breathless, hot, and injured-looking, with three pairs, having lost a great deal of valuable time in cleaning two extra pairs, "coe," as she pleads, "you might 'ave a chice, sir." And so I'm too late for my train—only two minutes perhaps, but that is quite enough. Whether this extraordinary propensity is to be traced to the natural desire of being (or thinking herself) a martyr, to which I have heard woman is prone or not I am sure I can't say, but I can declare that to the best of my recollection, I never got from her exactly what I asked for. If I say I'll take one fig (and one makes *me* feel sufficiently uncomfortable), I get three; if three chestnuts, six; if two French plums, at least four; if a biscuit and a glass of sherry (by way of luncheon), a basketful of biscuits, a plate of sandwiches, a pound cake, and two decanters of so-called wine (one of which is nominally sherry and the other nominally port). It was only the other day, too, that I said as plainly as I could speak to Mary: "A small jug of hot water, please, and two lumps of sugar." Now, what does Mary, under these by no means difficult circumstances, bring me? Why a jug of hot water, a tumbler and teaspoon, and a sugar-basin full of "*saccharine farina*." She, no doubt, with feminine inquisitiveness, inquired of her prophetic soul what I could want with the articles I had asked for, and came to the conclusion that I was going to indulge myself with a mixture of spirits and water, though she ought to have known perfectly well that I kept no sort of intoxicating liquors, and should certainly not think of sitting down to them alone at eight o'clock in the evening. The fact was that I wanted the water to wash my hands in and the two pieces of sugar for two little dickey-birds, kept by a friend of mine, upon whom I meditated making a call. So much for Mary's little way of inquisitively guessing the objects for which I make my humble requests.

Another little way, which is very common, but which irritates me to an unspeakable extent, is that which I have noticed in all housewives, whenever it has been my lot (I suppose I ought, in gratitude, to say my good fortune) to spend a few days with a family. Materfamilias insists upon getting you all kinds of comforts, to which you are unaccustomed at home, and especially in the winter, a fire in your bedroom. It is no good your protesting that it only tends to make you more dissatisfied than ever with your own home arrangements, and that it will probably result in inflammation of the lungs when you return to your den, and an early visit to a convenient cemetery. Words are of no avail. You go back to your lodgings a discontented man; sleep in your old, comfortless, fireless room, and maybe catch your death of cold. Such, at least, is my experience.

But there are little ways more distressing than this. It has been my fate more than once to be a witness of those lover's tiffs which are but the renewal of love. At least if young married couples can be called lovers. Biffins and his wife had been married about two years, when Biffins invited me to spend a week with him in Berkshire. Of course I went; and Mrs. Biffins was charming, but with strong ideas upon certain points, and a strong disinclination to be contradicted about them. One day, after dinner, as we three sat waiting for tea, Mrs. Biffins gave expression to one of her strong ideas (I think it was about the impropriety of travelling on Sunday). Biffins contradicted her; Mrs. Biffins repeated her remark (I am bound to say without any additional argument). Biffins laughed at her; Mrs. Biffins was silent (I was going to say sulky) and two big tears stood in her eyes. Biffins, observing them after a time, was much moved, put his hand on hers, and said, in a whisper, "Give us a buss." There was a pause of a few seconds, then she started up hastily, caught hold of his whiskers, said, "You cross old thing," and gave him, I should say, about five-and-twenty "busses." Afterwards, with smiles and blushes all over her face, she cried, "I declare I forgot Mr. Blank was present," and with a merry laugh, danced out of the room. You'll observe that Biffins only asked for one, and to give him more is against my principles. And then fancy my feelings as a bachelor, but still a man. I felt considerably hurt, but had no redress. She might have forgotten that I was present, but I haven't forgotten it even to this day; it was one of the most painful to me of all the little ways. And the worst of it is that when I felt I couldn't bear it, and went the next day into the barber shop, and said to the young lady behind the counter, "A shilling razor, if you please," (for I was weary of the world) she must needs adopt one of those aggravating little ways, and rejoin "How many would you like, sir, pray?" As if I hadn't asked plainly for a razor, and as if a razor wouldn't have been enough for my purpose! So I muttered something by way of excuse, left the shop in high dudgeon, and am still the victim of little ways. R. B.

☞ A hungry countryman was exploring one of the quiet lanes in the city for a dinner, when his ears were saluted by a shrill voice from an eating-house, which uttered in rapid tones the following incomprehensible jargon:—"Biledlamaucapersons—Rosebeefrosegoos—Roscmuttonantaters—Biledamancabbagevegetables——Walkinsirtakaseatsir." The astonished man hastened his pace in order to find a house where they spoke English.

☞ A correspondent of the N. Y. Express maintains that people can be contented and happy without butter, and cites in evidence the case of the inhabitants of the interior of Cuba, where butter is rarely seen.

☞ Monsieur Victor Kneringer, the popular and brilliant pianist, who went South, from Pittsfield, Mass., before the war, and afterwards got a commission in the rebel service, was not hung for a spy, as was reported some months ago—but it is a pity he had not been. A letter was received from him a short time since, by his wife—a Scotch lady, whom he left with her father in Brooklyn, when he went South—informing her that his life had been twice saved by a beautiful Southern lady, and that he had *resolved to marry her*. He concluded by requesting his Northern wife to forward him his periodicals, music, &c. If that is not the height of even French impudence and coolness, it will never be reached this side of the water.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ A man has been selling "meerschaum" pipes at Rochester, N. Y., obtaining $15 each. They were made of plaster of paris, painted and varnished, and looked like very valuable colored pipes. Each had some half-smoked tobacco in it to prevent digging inside.

☞ Previous to General Kilpatrick leaving his old command, a communication was received by him from General Robt. E Lee, by flag of truce, through army headquarters, inquiring of General K. whether the orders found upon Colonel Dahlgren, as published in the Richmond papers, were authentic and authorized by him. The reply was a bitter and indignant denial. There is little doubt that the reason why Colonel Dahlgren's body is not given up is because of its shameful mutilation and unchristian burial.

☞ The Saturday Review, had an article lately, reviewing the Annual Report of the London Society for propagating Christianity among the Jews. It took the pains to go over the Report carefully, summed up all the expenditures and then counted the conversions, and dividing the number of pounds sterling by the number of Jews converted, discovered that it costs, say *four thousand pounds* to get a genuine Jerusalem Jew converted; and that the ordinary Houndsditch Jew may be converted for about *five hundred pounds less.*

☞ Some of our friends in the army write us rather tough stories. For instance, we are assured that Harry S——, of the —— Massachusetts Battery, recently saw a rebel general officer and three of his staff on a prominence about a mile distant. Harry immediately sighted a piece, and took off four legs, one each, from the rebel officers. This is tough.

THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY—THE Glacial Epoch—The Sad Fate of this Earth.

Among lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in London recently, two may be cited as remarkable, namely, Mr. Froude's and Dr. Frankland's. Mr. Froude, who is widely known as an able historian, lectured on the *Science of History*, apparently to prove that there can be no such thing as a science of history, because of the impossibility of educing the laws of human motives and actions, as in physical science the laws of natural phenomena are educed by observation, and that which will be can be predicted from what has been. "Whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred," said the lecturer in his peroration; "be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us—this only we may foretell with confidence—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain—that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny."

Dr. Frankland's lecture was *On the Glacial Epoch*, that period in the earth's history so often referred to by geologists, when ice, in one form or another, covered so large a part of the surface. As the audience had been surprised, on a former occasion, by being told that there never had been such a thing as boiling water, so were they surprised when Dr. Frankland gave forth, as the argument of his lecture, that "the sole cause of the phenomena of the glacial epoch was a higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present." It sounds like a paradox to say, the hotter the sea, the more ice will there be on the land; but hear the new theory propounded by Dr. Frankland: Nature's apparatus for producing ice on a great scale are, an evaporator, a condenser, and a receiver. An ocean at a high temperature is a grand evaporator; the dry air of the upper regions of the atmosphere into which the warm vapor ascends, is the condenser; the mountains, which were probably one-fourth higher in the glacial epoch than now, are the receivers. The evaporation from the ocean being enormous, there was a constant precipitation of condensed vapor on the mountains, where it froze and accumulated in the form of ice, crept down the sides of the mountains, and overspread the whole of the land; and these overwhelming masses of ice it was which left their traces on rocks, along the sides of valleys, and transported huge boulders from far distant regions, and furnished for scientific students some of the most remarkable of geological phenomena. As the earth cooled more and more, the evaporation from the sea diminished, and in proportion as supply failed on the receivers, the ice and snow disappeared from the valleys and lowlands, and the present state of things prevailed. The cooling process is still going on, and when it has fallen to a certain amount, stupendous cracks and rents will take place in the granite which constitutes so large a portion of the shell or crust of our globe, and the pleasant and fruitful earth on which we live will become even as the moon. Such, Dr. Frankland says, is the fate in store for us. He believes that the moon has gone completely through her cooling, and that the ocean which once flowed over its surface has been entirely swallowed by the cracks occasioned by the cooling. The gulfs formed by the cracks he calculates as fourteen and a half million cubic miles in capacity—room enough and to spare for the unfortunate moon's ocean, supposing the quantity of water to have been the same in proportion as that on our earth. It is a melancholy prospect; but Dr. Frankland says: "If such be the present condition of the moon, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that a liquid ocean can only exist upon the surface of a planet so long as the latter retains a high internal temperature. The moon, then, becomes to us a prophetic picture of the ultimate fate which awaits our earth, when deprived of an external ocean, and of all but an annual rotation upon its axis, it shall revolve round the sun an arid and lifeless wilderness—one hemisphere exposed to the perpetual glare of a cloudless sun, the other shrouded in eternal night."

☞ HUMOR.—As for the effect of light and heat on stature, there is so much room for doubt, that flatly opposite conclusions have been come to on the subject. Zimmerman has argued from the size of the Patagonians and of the ancient Germans, that the highest stature belongs to the colder regions of the temperate zone, while Blumenbach thinks we find taller men as we approach the tropics. There is nothing in either opinion. The short men of Tierra del Fuego live very near to the tall men of Patagonia, and the short men of Lapland live very near to the tall Finns and Swedes. In the matter of stature, as of color, descent must be considered to have far more influence than climate. Among animals it is found that some grow smaller in warm, others in cold climates.

☞ Probably the wittiest saying in the language is Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism—that it is puppyism come to maturity.

LATEST NEWS.

We have detailed accounts of the recent battles in western Louisiana. There was fighting for three days, and the account of the complete victory of the Union forces on the third day is confirmed.

It is stated that Gen. Smith, directed by orders from Gen. Grant, commenced an overland march from Grand Ecore for Vicksburg, on the 18th. Rebel prisoners state their force in the late Louisiana battles to have been 25,000 men, and their loss in Saturday's fight 3,000.

Hilton Head advices confirm the reported evacuation of Pilatka, Florida, by our forces, who brought away everything in the shape of military stores.

Little Washington, N C., is now threatened by the rebels. General Butler has sent gunboats to open communication with Plymouth, and to aid in the destruction of the rebel ram which has recently caused trouble there.

A general exchange of prisoners, it is announced in the Richmond Enquirer, has been agreed upon, and all prisoners of war of both sides will be included in the arrangement.

☞ Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

☞ At a recent rifle match in England, six women of Holywell appeared as competitors for the "Bright Eyes Sweepstakes," by invitation of Lord Fielding and the officers of the Flintshire Battalion. A Mrs. Ashwin made a centre shot and carried off the prize.

☞ Mrs. Douglas has felt called upon to again contradict the statement, which for a second time went the rounds of the papers, that she was employed as a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. The newspaper correspondent who reported the story was probably not so familiar with her personal appearance as he thought himself to be.

☞ The story is told of the soldiers of the Army of the Gulf, that after using their coffee they spread the grounds on their rubber blankets to dry, and then sell it to the secesh citizens at $1 per pound in gold.

☞ The Polish prisoners sent to Siberia this winter are compelled to travel two hundred and fifty miles on foot, through a region where the mercury stands 30 degrees below zero.

☞ The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says the present high price of coal is by no means an unmixed evil, since it is developing a competition in the mining business which must soon put an end to the existing combination, and guarantee an ample supply of cheap fuel for all time to come.

☞ STRENGTH OF BRIDGES.—In the evidence in regard to a bridge case, a few days since, an expert testified that a measured march of men was the severest test of a bridge, and that the trotting of a horse produced double the vibration of a 12 or 14-ton locomotive.

☞ The old provarb sez, "Giv a beggar a hoss, and he will ride tew the devil." I think I shud be in favor ov triing this experiment, if the devil would only return the hoss.—*Josh Billings.*

☞ A West Indian, who had a remarkably red nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was in waiting observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashy eyed it very attentively. At last it hit upon his master's nose, and instantly flew off again. "Yah, yah!" he exclaimed with great glee, "me berry glad to see you burn your fat!"

☞ The 10-40 loan is proving to be as great a success as the 5-20, although the interest is only five per cent. instead of six. It is being taken up not only by capitalists at home and abroad, but by men of small means who desire a safe investment. At the present rate of gold, this five per cent., which is payable in gold, is equivalent to eight per cent. on the investment made.

☞ Many people have just enough conscience to keep them tolerably miserable all their lives.

☞ Talking the other night, says the New Regime, of a common friend, whose love of beer had accelerated his death, Timon said, "Ah! sir, he was a man, take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again."

☞ The California Legislature adjourned on the 5th inst. for two years. A bill was passed donating $350 per month, during five years, to Captain Sutter, the California pioneer.

☞ How long diamonds will continue to be worn may be considered problematical, if it is true, as it is said to be by that respectable authority, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that M. Henri Berthelot, with two bushels of charcoal, can make a diamond of the first water. The assertion has made a hero of M. Berthelot. He does not often go to balls, but when he does he is opened upon with such a musketry fire of smiles and glances as Dr. Faust never dreamed of. He is the despair of all the dandies, tenors, and belles of the capital.

☞ PAPER.—A paper mill is in successful operation at Perrysburg, Wood county, Ohio, which is engaged in manufacturing paper from the stalks of sorghum, said to be stronger and better in every way than paper made from straw.

☞ The number of small birds destroyed by the cold weather of the winter in France is estimated at seven millions, and years must elapse before the places of these useful friends of agriculture can be supplied.

TO THE MESSENGERS OF MERCY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Long since I saw the world awarding flowers
To those whom Fortune favored in the way;
And praises fell like copious summer showers
Upon the conquering heroes of the day.
And then I thought if I had flowers to give,
I'd twine a chaplet for my mother's brow;
For early she had taught me how to live
For God, her lessons move my spirit now.

Her prayers I heard—and then I saw her do
What she had asked her God to do for her—
The poor she helped—the sick—her children too;
She smiled on all, no matter who they were.
This early taught my youthful heart to yearn
For poor humanity oppressed and torn,
Bleeding, and bound in chains, and what we learn
From such a source through life is with us borne.

But God's own hand has crowned her brow in white
Fairer and purer far than wreaths of mine—
With angels now she stands on glory's height,
And with the ransomed she shall ever shine.
So I may take those gathered flowers and twine
A wreath or two for you whose plastic hands
Would sooth the pain with which our wounded pine,
Or feed the hungry as our Lord commands.

God bless you in your work of Love and Peace,
And may your own pure bosoms ever find
Within a well whose waters never cease,
But ever rise and flow to bless mankind.
When Mercy's work on earth is done, may He
Whose kingdom lies on either side Life's river,
Grant you a rest beneath that healing tree,
Whose flowers shall bloom, and fruits shall ripen ever. THOS. F. CLANSY.

Lakeside.

MY AUNT TRICKSY.

My Aunt Tricksy was *not* the prettiest girl in ——shire. In fact there was nothing superlative about her except that she was the dearest girl in the whole world.

How well I remember how delighted I was with the new relations which my grandfather's marriage with her mother bestowed on me, and how disgusted my father was with the whole affair. My father was Mr. Thorold's eldest son. The estate was strictly entailed, but there was personal property, and it was this which was in danger. Mrs. Gwyn's blandishments, which had already converted a gouty man of sixty into a devoted lover, might persuade him in a frenzy of uxorious imbecility to overlook the claims of his own family and to enrich herself and her daughter too.

Who Mrs. Gwyn was we none of us knew. But we all knew that her daughter was a great heiress. I heard my uncle Mr. Thorold the banker, and my uncle Mr. Thorold the clergyman, express themselves according to their kind on the subject.

"I wash my hands of the whole affair," said the first. I interpreted this Pilatian figure of speech into a resolve not to come again to Thorold House, but this proved my obtuseness. He only meant to exonerate himself from all responsibility, should the marriage be an unhappy one. As long as purple and fine linen, a French cook and a first-rate cellar, were to be found at The House (as we all call it,) the lavatory process of cleansing us out of his memory was to be postponed.

"I will pray for my father, I will pray for both," said the clergyman. I supposed people were prayed for,—as in church, when very ill; and yet I had seen my grandfather set off on his matrimonial expedition looking younger and brisker than I had ever seen him. It must be Mrs. Gwyn then.

"Is Mrs. Gwyn ill?" I asked my father.

"Ill?—no indeed—I wish—"

"What?"

"She had never been born. Ill, indeed?"

I wished I could have asked for a more satisfactory explanation, but I saw the subject was a dangerous one. I took an opportunity, however, and asked my uncle.

"Did you pray for grandpapa because he was ill, or because he was wicked, Uncle James?"

"What unbecoming questions! how you spoil that fellow, Tom," turning to my father.

"But you said so, uncle."

My uncle looked carefully round the room; there was a servant absorbed in dusting and rubbing a table, but no one else was present but ourselves.

"Ahem! Wilfrid, I prayed for the happiness of my father, and of his wife."

Again he cleared his throat; but the expression with which he had uttered these words, after he perceived we were not entirely alone, was utterly different from the manner in which he had expressed himself in the morning. I was too young to fathom the reasons of this strange discrepancy, but I noticed them. The state of my mind as regarded this marriage was a chaotic confusion. I did not know whether I wished it or not. My two uncles lived in London, and only came down on periodical visits to Thorold House. My father, since the death of my mother, had lived with me there.

Thorold House was a large, commodious house. No architect would have raved about the beauty of its architecture. It was not Saxon or Tudor, Greek or Italian, Elizabethan or Annian. It was simply a convenient, spacious mansion with large windows and lofty rooms. For me these are the three important requisites, but then I am a very literal fellow indeed, and no artist. Since our bereavement, my father and I lived at Thorold. It was very dull. I was only twelve, and I had no companions. My grandfather was, in the intervals of gout and misanthropy, a persevering scholar. My father an inveterate sportsman. I never saw the former at breakfast, and it was only at breakfast and dinner that I saw the latter. The curate of the neighboring village came up every day to give me lessons. My father had a prejudice against schools. I had friends among the boys of the village, but it was friendship under protest. The monosyllable "low" was often applied to my tastes and pursuits. But what was I to do? I had an immense fund of animal spirits to work off, and there was no other outlet for them. There was John, to be sure.

Who was John?

John was a ward of my father's, who also lived with us. I say ward, but in fact he was less a ward than a protege. He was the orphan son of an old friend of my father's, a naval officer who had died suddenly in the East, and had bequeathed his motherless boy to his old school-fellow and friend, Tom Thorold.

But John Tyrrell was two-and-twenty, and to me that seemed an age of advanced manhood. He had been well educated by my father, and he now was waiting till the Thorold family influence could procure some employment for him. It was difficult to find it. John was really clever, but he was shy beyond everything that could be imagined. He was brave as a lion, upright, and generous, but this frightful disease of shyness prevented these good qualities from being appreciated as they deserved. More than this, it gave an expression of wretchedness to his face and dejection to his manner, which was very oppressive. I liked John, but I rarely sought him out, for there was no fun in him. No mischief had ever attracted him. He was painfully conscientious. All my misdemeanors assumed gigantic proportions when placed before me in the light they appeared to him.

"Indeed, Wilfrid," he would say, "I must burn my books if you persist in cramming from them. It is not honest."

"All very fine, but I did not get home till so late last night, I could not write my exercises, and old Torment (so I disrespectfully called my tutor) comes at 8 A. M."

"Why did not you get up early and do them yourself? I would have called you."

"What a bully you are, John!"

And John would blush scarlet, and deprecate such an accusation, and I would retort with something worse, and my father would come in and ask John for an explanation, and John would hesitate, and, between his morbid love for truth and his desire to screen me, become utterly unintelligible. My father would then shrug his shoulders and say, "Really, John, you are too old to have these perpetual quarrels with Wilfrid," and John would retire, really provoked and hurt at such an accusation, but find it impossible to clear himself.

I tried once or twice to set it right with my father, but he would not listen.

"There, there, I have no time to attend to your squabbles. John is a good fellow, but rather pragmatical, I think."

I would strive for a time to do what was right for the sake of pleasing John, and showing I attended to what he said, but the weakness of my nature soon made me trip again, and, with the usual justice of sinners, being angry with myself, I revenged myself by being especially irritating and tiresome to John. But still he had an influence; and not only on me, but on all of us. My uncles appeared almost to ignore his existence. They had expostulated with my father upon the preposterous notion of taking charge of him, and then, as usual, the washing of the hands and the prayer process, had been gone through, and he was ostensibly forgotten. With my usual quickness of observation, I saw, however, that when the clergyman uttered some very pious observation, he often looked at John for approval; and that in the midst of some intense gormandizing, when apoplectic manifestations about the flushed cheeks and thick breathing were painfully visible, the banker would fidget and look uncomfortable if John came into the room. Shy, awkward, painfully modest, as John was, he had unconsciously impressed all who came near him with a sense that he had a loftier estimate of character than most persons. Even my grandfather was chary of swearing and raging before him. I was delighted to see the effect obtained, more for mischief's sake than anything else, of course; and I was also very curious to discover how it had been produced. In the fairy lore of my childish days there were tales told of persons who possessed an amulet against evil. I was too old to believe that now, and not old enough to appreciate to its full extent the fact, that noble integrity of character and loving sweetness of disposition formed the true amulet after all, though the casket which held it might be ungainly in appearance and most difficult to open.

The only individual who had never uttered a single comment on my grandfather's marriage was John, and yet he was the only person immediately affected by it. My grandfather had told my father that he should want the two rooms John had hitherto occupied—a sitting room and study—for his step-daughter, Miss Gwyn. As soon as he returned from his honeymoon, Mr. Thorold was going to give a series of parties, and receive a number of visitors, and every corner of Thorold House would be occupied. "Would John mind for a time sleeping in the small play-room outside Wilfrid's room?" My father was vexed, but there was no help. He mentioned it to John, and John looked grave, but was silent.

"Not at all necessary, my dear fellow," said my father, "to move immediately. I have written to my father to make other suggestions, and it is needless to disturb yourself till I receive the answer."

"I think it better to move at once, in case Mr. Thorold should arrive sooner than you expect; besides—"

"What?"

"I am in hopes of receiving a favorable reply from a schoolfellow, to whom I have written about my desire of finding employment. I know that it is possible that he may be sent abroad, and I think he will want a tutor."

"And you have offered yourself?"

"Yes."

My father looked vexed for a moment, but recovered himself instantly.

"You are right, John; that would be an opening; it is the right thing, at all events—and yet—and yet—it will be a deuced bore not having you here. I wish to Heaven, if tutor you must be, you could be tutor to Wilfrid; but I can't afford it."

It occurred to me that if my father had limited his expenses in horses and hounds, there might have been a way for John to have remained with us; but how many men, and kind and generous ones too, never dream that the cutting off of some entirely superfluous luxury will enable them to be liberal in some less showy expenditure. But all the Thorolds had hunted; and to have a horse less in the stables and a dog less in the kennel was not to be thought of.

I also admired the cool way in which John had extricated himself from what was certainly a false position. He might have been kept dawdling for ever at Thorold; for it was the manner of Thoroldians to leave all as much as possible in *statu quo*. There would always have been a talk of finding employment for him; but unless it had dropped from the sky, or started from the earth, it would never have come, the search was so desultory and dilatory, and his strong youth would have passed into old age while he still hesitated at Thorold House.

As John never spoke of himself, we did not know how much most of his schoolfellows loved him. I have since heard that no boy had ever passed through the trying ordeal of a public school with so many fast friends and so few foes.

John's removal had only just been effected in time. The very next morning we received a letter announcing Mr. and Mrs. Thorold's return.

"Am I to call her grandmamma, I wonder?" said I to John, as we sat together in the library waiting for them.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And her daughter?—there is a daughter, you know."

"She must be called Miss Gwyn, I should think."

"But she is a relation now. Let me see; her mamma is my father's father's wife, she is his mamma now—and her daughter must be his sister?"

"Not really his sister."

"In law, of course—but then she must be my aunt; just fancy John, my aunt. What fun to have quite a young aunt!" And I jumped about, and on the strength of this nephewship ran up and down the avenue to the lodge for half an hour. At last they arrived.

My father had been to meet them, and entered the room with his stepmother on his arm; a fair, very tall, languid-looking woman.

"This I suppose is my grandson," she said, in a kind, indolent voice. "You must call me grandmamma now." She stooped and kissed my forehead.

"This is John Tyrrell," said my father; "also one of us."

She started with glad surprise, and held out both her hands to the blushing John.

"Are you a Gwyn Tyrrell?" she asked.

"No," said my father; "at least, I think not. He is the son of my old friend John Tyrrell, of the Britannia. I never heard his name was Gwyn."

"I am so anxious to find a missing relative of ours, a Gwyn Tyrrell, that I seize upon every one of the name of Tyrrell, in hopes I may at last discover him."

She then slowly dropped into a chair.

"Where is Beatrix?" she asked, but in a voice so low that I only heard the last syllable. What an odd name, I thought."

"Here I am, mamma;" and a tiny sprite of a girl came forward, who looked about my own age, though in fact she was some two years older.

"Come and speak to your new friends, my dear. This is Mr. Tyrrell, and this is—"

"My nephew, I suppose," said the girl, laughing.

"How do you do, Miss Gwyn?" stammered out John, taking the hand she offered to him.

"How do you do, Aunt Tricksy?" said I, in a loud voice.

I am sorry to say that this piece of boyish folly was greeted with a shout of laughter from my grandfather, (who had just entered, and stood beside his wife,) from my father, and from Mrs. Thorold. But the young lady looked dreadfully abashed; she blushed, and all but began to cry, and did not let go John's hand, as if it was some support in such a trying moment.

"You said her name was Tricks. I heard you call her so."

"No, no, her name is Beatrix; but you are not far wrong—we did call her Tricksy once, and you may call her so if you like."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Tricksy," I repeated, for I saw she was vexed.

She put her hand in mine for a moment, but she kept aloof from me the rest of the evening.

It was the pleasantest evening that had been ever known at Thorold House. My grandfather did not doze for a moment, and was in good humor, though awake. My father was absolutely talkative. As oil soothes the ruffled sea, as cream tempers the asperities of black coffee, as eider-down quilts modify bare sofas, was the effect of Mrs. Thorold on us all, and it was an influence which never left us from that moment. Buried in an arm-chair, speaking only in the lowest voice, and at intervals, she always managed to maintain and direct conversation on the pleasantest subjects, which were treated in the most velvety manner. After a time, we younger ones were sent to bed. I observed Tricksy linger a moment by John's chair. He had been, as usual, quite silent; stroking a little kitten which was always very fond of creeping after him to be petted and caressed.

"Would you like to have it?" he said, as she paused in her "good-night."

"Yes."

But the kitten rebelled; it did not seek a change, which it feared would certainly not be for the better.

John yielded to the kitten, in spite of the wistful looks of the young lady.

"To-morrow it will know you better," he said, "and then I will give it you."

She went off, but was evidently not pleased.

"*I* would have given it to you," I said triumphantly to her in the passage, "so you will like me best, won't you?"

She did not answer me, but I saw she was meditating upon the subject, and as I felt certain that her meditations must end in my favor, I left her.

CHAPTER II.

I said that Thorold House was dull. From that moment it ceased to be so. To me the presence of Tricksy transfigured the place. I never wanted companionship now; she was two years my senior, but in all games and sports she was my cotemporary. She was far more childish than I was, she had always lived a sedentary and quiet life in a town; this freedom and out-of door life was a perfect boon to her, she grew fast, roses bloomed out on her pale little cheeks, and she became wild with health and spirits.

She soon became the darling of the house, she and I were inseparable, and what delightful games and jokes, and rides, and scampers we had! Her mother allowed her entire liberty, I do not suppose Mrs. Thorold ever contradicted any one in her life. The only difficulty was, that she sometimes assented to two wholly incompatible propositions. When appealed to, she would fold her white hands together and say, "Settle it among yourselves." She had taken a most incomprehensible fancy to John, she would ask him sometimes to accompany Tricksy and me in our wild expeditions, but we did not like it; we were happier by ourselves; I am certain I was, and Tricksy was always a little naughty with him. It was impossible she could be otherwise, he was so silent or so formal with her, he Miss Gwynned her so determinedly. She sometimes joined with me in teasing him, she always took my part when he and I differed in opinion as to some of my evil deeds. She laughed at him most unmercifully, she used to pretend to be a little jealous of her mother's regard for him; in fact, I must confess that sometimes she was rather provoking in her conduct towards him. I remember one day we were all three riding together. We two were in the wildest spirits and had been racing. Tricksy was absolutely fearless, and rode admirably.

"I wonder," she said to me, "if we couldn't give John the slip, he rides in such a jog-trot, absent manner. At the first by-way we get to, we will leave the high road."

No sooner said than done. We turned to the right, and our spirited little ponies flew like birds down a lane. "Wouldn't I give anything to see John's face," she said.

Unfortunately she did not know, and I had forgotten, that the lane was almost a *cul de sac*. It ended in a water-mill. By the side of a foaming little stream was a steep paved path, down which a horse could be led, but which it would have been certain death to have galloped down. In fact, from where we were, we could see no egress whatever. At that moment there was a rapid gallop behind us.

"Stop!" called out John. "Stop; I insist upon it!"

"No—no," said Tricksy.

But in a moment he had passed us, was off his horse, with his reins round his left, and with his right hand he was forcibly curbing in Tricksy's pony; and in spite of her anger—she threatened to cut him with her whip, and did, I believe, make a dash at his hand with it—he succeeded in turning it round. I had stopped in sheer amazement. Tricksy was not going to be defeated in that inglorious manner.

"You can turn the pony," she said, "but you can't turn me," and she slipped off her saddle and ran on.

"Come, Wilfrid," but I was too occupied in staring at John to mind her. He was quite pale, and seemed trembling from head to foot.

"She might have been killed," he said to me in a reproachful manner.

"Killed!"

"Don't you know that this is Gap Lane?" He looked round after her; the dainty little figure was running down the lane. "Think of her mother," he said, "and be careful of her. It would kill Mrs. Thorold if anything happened to Miss Gwyn." He mounted and turned back, leaving me holding Tricksy's pony.

After ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, she returned; but her step was very slow, and her eyes looked red.

We went home, but the enjoyment of our ride was over. I told her how sorry I was I had forgotten the peculiar character of that lane.

"I was very obstinate," she murmured.

Nothing was said more about it, but that evening, as we all sat by the fire, Mrs Thorold, as she watched John, who was playing at chess with her, called out suddenly, "What is the matter, John?—your wrist is all bruised."

John gave such a start that the table fell over, and the commotion which it caused in the circle drew attention from what she had said; but Tricksy's eyes and mine met; hers were full of tears.

The next day I observed a maternal tenderness in Mrs. Thorold's manner to John, but she never alluded to the subject.

My uncles had been invited to be presented to Mrs. Thorold. They were quite obsequious to her, and I, who knew what they had said about the marriage, was disgusted with them. I confided my feelings to Tricksy, and we agreed that they were "horrid." But they were not only obsequious to Mrs. Thorold, they were absolutely servile to Tricksy. For the first time since I had known her, I saw her assume towards them a coldness and hauteur of manner which changed the frolicksome child into the proud and reserved young lady. I once overheard them say to my father, "What a good thing it would be if Miss Gwyn would take a fancy to Wilfrid!"

"Yes," added the clergyman, with fervor, "it shows how everything is over-ruled for good. Who would have thought Miss Gwyn was a millionaire?"

"But I think," continued the banker, "that you are imprudent in keeping open house, as it were. She will be snapped up before you are aware of it, and think what a loss it would be. It is a good thing that poor John is so awkward and plain, or I should advise your getting rid even of *him*."

"He is going in a day or two," said my father.

"Oh, indeed! that is providential."

"Then we may hope that Wilfrid will get the million—"

"No," said my father, laughing, "he is too young, poor fellow. Beatrix is sixteen, though she looks such a child; she will be of age when she is eighteen, and must be married in the course of the same month or she forfeits the money. Any way, if this Gwyn Tyrrell turns up, he is to have half of it."

It was true that John was about leaving us; he was to go for two years to Italy. After the day of the expedition to Gap Lane, Tricksy was very shy with him, and he was ludicrously afraid of her. She was the only person of whom he did not take leave the day he left us.

Although my father called me "poor fellow," he was really too careless about money to be mercenary. Had I been old enough to be able to aspire to the million, he would have been pleased; as I was not, he troubled himself little about it.

There was an endless round of gayety going on. Young men came to shoot and hunt; there were croquet parties, cricket parties, harvest gatherings. But Tricksy, though she enjoyed them all, was not to be divided from me; we remained the staunchest of friends and allies. Her admirers were a subject of unfailing languor between us. She knew she was an heiress, but was much too simple-minded and single-hearted to attach any importance to the fact. Her natural intelligence taught her how little any of the persons who hovered about her, cared for anything but the money-bags that went with her name. And, as she did not know the clause attached to her possession of these money-bags, and was not aware of the vital importance of her choice being soon made, the barefaced passion for money which the precipitate proposals she received seemed to give evidence of, filled her young heart with scorn.

Two years soon passed away. John wrote a few letters to my father, and one or two to Mrs. Thorold, but to no one else. I did not see those to Mrs. Thorold, but those to my father were awkward and uninteresting. John had as little epistolary as conversational talent. Once during the two years my father received a letter from the father of the young man with whom John was travelling, telling him of the deep obligations he and his son were under, to John.

John had extricated the young man from a most disgraceful love-affair, in which he had unthinkingly become involved at college; the heroine of which had followed him to the Continent, but had had her journey for her pains. The young man had been at first most rebellious and perverse, but had finally seen the snare into which he had been led. He was proportionably grateful, and had written a full confession to his father.

At that time of course I only heard fragments of all this, but enough to know that, somehow, John had done a great thing.

"Isn't he a fine fellow, Tricksy?" I said, retailing to her what I had heard. "What a pity he's such a queer, shy old fellow, and so ugly!"

She did not answer.

Two years had passed away, when Thorold House was deprived suddenly of its head. My grandfather died. We had all been so happy for the last two years, that the blow was doubly felt. Mrs. Thorold suffered a good deal, but in the same becalmed and silky way, which was peculiarly hers, under all circumstances. Tricksy was very unhappy. She had been so petted by her stepfather, and under the feminine dispensation at Thorold House, he had become so much less irritable and impatient than formerly, that it was natural she should love him as she did. He was truly a scholarly, stately gentleman, generous and upright in his conduct, and with that old-fashioned chivalric feeling towards women, which made him for their sakes, and in their presence, control the only fault he had, a passionate and fiery temper. He had always been respected, but latterly he was beloved. His will was a singular one. My father of course had Thorold House, with all its appurtenances; but a large sum in the funds was left to John Tyrrell, except under certain contingencies, which were specified in a sealed codicil, not to be opened till the day Tricksy was of age.

To my uncles neither money nor lands were bequeathed; but to the clergyman a folio volume of prayers and meditations, and to the banker a curious bason and ewer, which had belonged to the family for three generations. Evidently my grandfather had become acquainted with some of their remarks on his marriage. To his wife he did not leave a farthing; this, he said, had been arranged by her on their marriage. She was resolute that not one fraction of his property should enrich her or hers, and had peremptorily refused even the smallest gift from him. But my grandfather requested it of her, as a favor, that she should make Thorold House her head-quarters for the rest of her life. Tricksy's name was not even mentioned in the will.

Mrs. Thorold *did* consent, at my father's earnest entreaty, to remain with us. She was the same gentle, placid woman as ever, though many an added line on her white forehead, many a silver hair in her brown curls, showed that she had suffered much. She led precisely the same quiet, still life as before, except that every month or two she went to town on business. What this business was no one knew, except that it was connected with the Gwyn property and the lost Tyrrell. My father had, at her request, written to India to obtain, if he could, the certificate of the marriage of John's father and mother.

I should have thought Tricksy had forgotten John entirely, but that once or twice she insisted upon riding as far as Gap Lane, as if to recall her peril and her deliverance. My father wrote to John to ask him to return. After some delay he was enabled to do so. And now again Tricksy showed she *had* retained a warm recollection of John. She and her mother prepared John's rooms for him—the rooms he had occupied before their first arrival, and which had been given to her by my grandfather.

Tricksy was almost eighteen at this time; but she might have been eight, to judge from the childish importance she attached to the replacing of every article of furniture in John's room just as he had left it. John arrived. He walked in one day, after dinner. He seemed more painfully shy than ever. Sunburnt and thin, with a beard and thick tawny hair, which had a leonine appearance, he was certainly very plain. He had, however, retained the sweetness of his eyes and that gentlemanliness of bearing which no awkwardness could wholly conceal. There seemed less difference of age between us than before, and I was very glad to welcome the honest-hearted fellow once more. But he seemed more reserved with Tricksy than ever. I could not make it out.

Her manner to him was influenced by his to her; and Tricksy was graver and more silent with him than with any other person.

As the day of her being of age approached, Mrs. Thorold informed Tricksy of the

conditions under which she was to become possessed of the enormous fortune which was hers. She was to choose her husband on the day she was of age, and declare her choice publicly, or to forfeit the whole.

On the 18th of June Tricksy would be eighteen. It was now the 12th. No girl had been so much thrown into the society of men as Tricksy, and yet there was not a spark of sentiment for any one of them in her heart.

She had had dozens of proposals, and all had received the irrevocable No.

I worshipped her. My whole life, from the moment I had first seen her, had been given to her; but when I once murmured something of my love being more mature than my years, she had put her plump little hand on my mouth and had said, laughing,—"How can an aunt marry her nephew? Am I not your aunt Tricksy, sir?"

On the 16th of June Mrs. Thorold and her daughter went up to London, and were to return on the evening of the 17th. Sometimes my father had tried to persuade Tricksy to choose a husband, rather than forfeit her fortune. Surely some of her lovers were men to whom she might eventually become sincerely attached, though she was not romantically in love with them. But Tricksy was firm; she would not marry if she did not love.

John and I went down to the station to meet them. We found we had mistaken the time, and had an hour to wait.

"Let us take a walk," I said, "and return here to meet them."

As we went on, we found, about a quarter of a mile further, that some workmen were busy mending a temporary bridge across a deep stony ravine, over which the train passed. There had been heavy rains, and the passage of a weighty goods train had effected a solution of continuity on this bridge, besides committing other damages. They were very busy working at it as fast as they could. Unfortunately, in their haste they had not sufficiently observed that the supports of the bridge had been thoroughly weakened, and as a last heavy plank was laid parallel to the others, there was a tremulous swaying of the whole, and then it cracked and cracked and tottered slowly over, burying several workmen in the ruins. At first, all of us who had escaped, were occupied in rescuing these men. In doing so I fell and injured my knee. They were all hurt—some severely so. We attended to them as best we might, when suddenly a distant whistle was heard. Good God! the train was due. It must be stopped—but how. At that point "danger" had always been signalled, and it came on very slowly. But what was to be done? there was no time. We saw it, a speck in the distance; but coming on, coming on. Shame on me for having felt it, but my first impulse was to rush down the bank and fly, whither I knew not; anywhere not to hear, not to see the inevitable crash. Where was John?

He had stood for a moment, pale as death; and then he ran forward, shouting, waving his hands, throwing up his arms, standing in the very centre of the line. I called to him from the bank. I had crawled there to make signals to the advancing train. "She's there!" were all the words he said. Had the horror of the moment turned his brain? Did he hope to make himself heard or seen? It was madness. Inexorably the train came on, very slowly, but surely, on. I could see the stokers turned towards John, making signs to him, and a line of heads outside the carriages, evidently not understanding him; and then, as the moments passed, and it came nearer and nearer, John, inspired by the very ecstacy of insanity, threw himself right across the line.

It was a forlorn hope. It might or might not arrest them. So imperceptibly did they slacken their course that I did not think they were doing it; but, thank Heaven! it was possible to do it, and they did do it. After a few seconds of horrible and agonizing suspense the long line gradually, gradually stopped. It was so near him that John, as he rose, seemed to be clasped by the projecting fangs of a leviathan beast of prey.

The engine-men jumped down. I was too far to hear what passed; but after a few words of explanation, John returned towards me, still very pale, but calm as usual. I was but sixteen—am I to be excused if I say I sobbed like a baby?

"Come, old fellow!" said John, "this will never do; it is all right again."

At that moment one of those cheers which never can be heard but from anglo-saxon lungs rang through the air. The poor wounded workmen, who were lying about, joined in it.

I do not think that at first John was conscious that it was in his honor; when he was, he looked utterly bewildered; and then, saying to me, "You must send word for the carriage to come for them here; it can wait the other side of the bridge, and they and you can be helped over," he dived down the other side of the bank, and in a few minutes was out of sight. I felt somehow I could not meet them. I gave orders about the carriage, and hobbled on till I met a cart, which gave me a lift home.

Before dinner John came into my room; and, after some shy stammering, asked me, as the dearest favor I could bestow on him, not to volunteer any information as to what he had done.

"I could not stand being thanked, and all that, you know." By-the-bye, they have sent me a huge packet of papers."

"What about?"

"I have not opened them; but I think the lost Tyrrell is found."

I do not know whether I could have kept my word; but Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy were not at dinner, and my father and my two uncles were very busy talking over money affairs. In the confusion the only report that had reached Thorold House was, that there might have been an accident to the train, but it had been fortunately prevented. Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy had gone at once to their rooms on arriving, and therefore I had no difficulty in being silent.

The next day was the 18th of June.

Tricksy came down to breakfast looking brighter than ever I had seen her. She was radiant. She and my father and Mrs. Thorold, and a very grave-looking gentleman, the lawyer who managed the Gwyn property, were closeted for a long time after breakfast. Everything was got through by luncheon, and after luncheon the horses were brought round, as usual, for us to ride. I was still so lame that I could not mount, though I tried to do so.

"Mr. Tyrrell," said Mr. Thorold, "will you take care of Tricksy? Wilfrid says that somehow he has sprained his foot."

John looked rather glum.

"I was going—"

"I must have my own way on my birthday," said Tricksy, "so please come with me."

She mounted, and they went off. I looked after them longingly. I had intended trying, for the last time, my fortunes with Tricksy on this day, and I had looked forward to our ride for doing so. We should have got rid of John, I know, even had he started with us.

When they returned, Tricksy came to me in her habit. She looked positively beautiful.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"To Gap Lane;" and then she suddenly threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed, "Oh, I am so happy, Wilfrid, dear!" but the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said so; and then she left me. How my heart beat! Would she choose me?

That day, after dinner, my father proposed a health—Miss Gwyn's future husband. I felt cold and hot by turns. Had Tricksy chosen *me*? I looked for sympathy towards John, but in some unaccountable way he had disappeared.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, we were to assemble in the library, to hear the codicil to my uncle's will; after which Tricksy was to announce her marriage, or forfeit her heiress-ship. We were all to be present.

Somehow, that morning Thorold House was like a desert. My father and uncles, and the lawyer, breakfasted together. I searched for John, but heard he had gone out. Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy were invisible. I wandered like a troubled spirit.

At twelve I was seated in the library. Would Tricksy declare she had chosen me before them all, without giving me the sweet certainty of her affection, with her own lips first, in private? I was absolutely tortured with my doubts and conjectures.

Presently my father came in, followed by my two uncles. One, as usual, rubbing his hands, as if he were always typically performing the process which was to him the panacea against all responsibility; the other, with a more than usually sour and sanctimonious look, and a prayer-book in his hand. It was wormwood to him to preside, as it were, over the throwing away of thousands and thousands of pounds on a "trumpery worldly chit of a girl." Such had been his designation of Tricksy. Three separate messages were sent after John. He was at home, but sent word he could not come down.

Then came Mrs. Thorold, fairer and paler than ever, in her widow's weeds.

"Beatrix is coming directly," she said.

How strange, I thought, for her to let her daughter come in alone upon such an occasion; and where on earth has John gone to?

Then there was a pause.

Then the door opened. I started up, but Tricksy was not alone. She was leaning on the arm of John Tyrrell.

He looked so pale that I thought he would have dropped, but he stepped in quietly and gravely, and led her to her mother.

"I have chosen," said Beatrix in a soft, low voice, and she turned round. "John Tyrrell asked me to be his wife yesterday, and I have accepted him."

I joined my congratulations with the rest, but I really did not know what I was saying. What an egregious ass I had been. But no one knew it, I hoped. We sat down to hear the codicil. After a short preamble the legacy to John was cancelled if John married an heiress, or if John could prove he was the heir of the Gwyn Tyrrells, and thus had a claim on the half of Beatrix's fortune, the money was left to his grandson Wilfrid Thorold. When it was over—and I thought the dreadful circumlocution and periphrasis of the lawyer's jargon would never terminate—I went away; I longed for fresh air. My temples were hot as fire, and yet I shivered as with cold.

I went to the remotest part of the shrubbery belonging to the house, and there flung myself down on the grass. I tried to bear as best I might the bitter, bitter misfortune which had befallen me. I was glad for John's sake, but did he love Beatrix as I did? I dared not go further with that question. I remember the man who, with a look of agony, had turned to me a day or two ago and had said, "Wilfrid, she is there!" ere he rushed upon almost certain self-destruction, in the mad desire and resolution to save her.

While I was thus thinking and thinking with that persistence with which all unhappy creatures count, over and over again, the sum of their misery, I heard voices near me. I looked through the leaves and saw Tricksy and John approaching where I was. I trusted they might not have seen me, and would pass on. I looked through the closely knitted trunks of the trees and watched them—they seemed to change characters. John was urging Tricksy to do something which she seemed to deprecate. He walked resolutely forward, she hung back. How pretty she looked in her white dress and braided hair! I shut my eyes, for my heart was very sore, and the sight of her hurt me.

Here there was a silence, and I hoped they had passed; but no—a slight step came over the grass, the branches were moved aside, and dear little Tricksy sat down beside me.

She took my hand.

"What is the matter, dear?"

How tender, how cruelly tender she was. I was silent. I could have groaned.

"Shall I tell you all about it? From the very first day, though I used to be so naughty, I liked John. I liked him that very first night when he would not give me the kitten. All the time, even when I was so wicked to him in Gap Lane, I loved him. I told mamma, and she thought it best for him not to take leave of me. As soon as mamma heard his name, she thought he might be our relation, but it was very difficult to prove it. That was why she has so often been to London the last year. She had told Mr. Thorold at once about it, but he did not think it likely. He was resolved to leave John his money because he knew also that when everybody here was so angry because he married mamma, that John was the only one who never abused him or her about it."

"But how?—"

"How did it come about, you mean, that he told me. I will tell you," said the little creature, looking very shy, but very happy. "Mamma, though she is so quiet, always knows about things, and she saw that John liked me, but that the money would prevent him saying anything about it. I did not know what to do, for we had not yet proved him to be a Gwyn Tyrrell, and I knew he would never ask me to be his wife if I had all the money. But that day, when we returned, mamma brought the proofs and the papers with her. Oh, that day!"—and then she shuddered and cried—"I did not know till yesterday morning it was John who saved us—but then—"

Again Beatrix cried—and then she went on—

"When we went out yesterday morning, I took him to Gap Lane, and there I told him how miserable I had been about my wickedness there, and his poor darling hand; and then I told him I knew who had saved all our lives the day before, and he was so short and so grumpy and wanted to go away, and then I told him that he was our relation and that he and I were to inherit this money between us."

"And then—"

"Oh, Wilfrid!"—Beatrice hid her face for a moment—"I feel ashamed that he, so good, so noble, so brave, can love me, but he says it has been always so—"

"And to-day?"

It was no longer the maiden Beatrix, but the child Tricksy, that laughed a peal of laughter at these words.

"You know he got into one of his shy nervous states, and I do not believe anyone could have got him out of his room unless I had gone in; but I went up to him and coaxed him, and smoothed his hair, and told him how proud I was that he had chosen me, and how glad dear mamma was, and I persuaded him to come down."

"He deserves you, Tricksy," I said.

"But I shall never deserve him. But Wilfrid, dear, you are glad too, are you not?"—and she looked at me with her earnest eyes,—"glad that we two are happy?—for I know you love us both."

I made a gulp, for my heart was in my throat—

"God bless you both."

"It will be always the same between us, you know," she said. "I shall always be Aunt Tricksy to you. And now come and tell John so too."

I did as I was bid. From that day to this I never knew whether John suspected how dearly I had loved Tricksy. We were always fast friends, and I was godfather to darling Tricksy's first child, a girl, whom I insisted upon naming Tricksy *pure and simple*. In all human probability (for there are no such girls now as Tricksy Gwyn was) Tricksy Gwyn Tyrrell will be my heiress. I shall never marry; but I will not make so tyrannical a condition as Tricksy was subject to. Women can be trusted with money. My heiress need not marry the day she is of age.

ALONE.

With a heavy step and slow
Through the town,
Little caring where I go,
Up and down,
With a glance into each face,
And a timid hope to trace
One sad spirit in this place
Like my own!

Thro' the winter's rain and frost,
Here and there
Do I wander like a ghost,
In despair.
For in every face I meet
I can read that Life is sweet,
While to me it is a cheat
Everywhere!

Do we love! it is a dream
Brief and sad;
For a moment, true, we seem
To be glad.
But the dream is over soon,
And our heart becomes a tomb,
Where we wander in the gloom,
And go mad!

Would my life were at an end,
Or that Fate
Would give me but one friend
Ere too late.
For my lot is so unblest
I could welcome either guest—
A Friend—or Death and Rest—
So I wait! ILLA.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STONE GARDEN.

When Mr. Long took his departure with Gilmore, he did not ask me to accompany him, and assist in an undertaking which was likely to be somewhat laborious. Perhaps he wished that if the baronet did return in a fury, that he alone should bear the brunt of it. Perhaps he thought there might be things at the Hall I had better not see, or perhaps he wished to observe the butler's behavior at leisure. I think, however, he could scarcely have expected me to stay at home with my books, while such doings as he had directed were on the point of taking place. Euripides was doubtless, in his day, a sensation dramatist, but the atrocities of Medea could not enchain me, with so much dreadful mystery afoot in my immediate neighborhood. Her departure through the air, in a chariot drawn by winged dragons, was indeed a striking circumstance; but how much more wonderful was the disappearance of Sir Massingberd, who had departed no man knew how!

The news had spread like wildfire through the village. Numbers of country folk were hanging about the great gates of the avenue, drinking in the imaginary information of the lodge-keeper; but they did not venture to enter upon the forbidden ground. The universal belief among them was, I found, that their puissant lord would soon reveal himself. Doubting Castle, it was true, was for the present without its master; but it was too much to expect that he would not return to it. The whole community resembled prisoners in that fortress, who, although temporarily relieved of the tyrant's presence, had little hope but that he was only gone forth upon a ramble, and would presently return with renewed zest for human flesh. The general consternation, however, was extreme, and such as would probably not have been excited by the sudden and unexplained removal of a far better man. The rumor had already got abroad that there was to be an immediate search in the park, and that Oliver Bradford had been empowered to select such persons as he chose to assist in the same. There were innumerable volunteers for this undertaking, principally on account of the excessive attraction of the work itself, which promised some ghastly revelation; and secondarily, for the mere sake of getting into Fairburn Chase at all—a demesne as totally unknown to the majority of those present as the Libyan Desert. The elders indeed remembered the time when a public footpath ran right through the Chase, "close by the Heronry, and away under the Wolsey Oak, and so through David's Copse, into the high road to Cruxenden," said one, "whereby a mile and a half was wont to be saved."

"Ay, or two mile," quoth another; "and Lawyer Moth always said as though the path was ours by right, until Sir Massingberd got his son made a king's clerk in London, which shut his mouth up and the path at the same time."

"Ay," said a third mysteriously; "and it ain't too late to try the matter again, in case the property has got *into other hands*."

This remark brought back at once the immediate cause of their assembling together, and I began to be made the victim of cross-examination. To avoid being compelled to give my own opinion (which I had already begun to think a slander) upon the matter in hand, I took my leave as quietly as could be, and escaped, whither they dared not follow me, through the grille-guarded gates. All within was, as usual, silent and deserted. A few leaves were still left to flutter down in eddies from the trees, or hop and rustle on the frosty ground, but their scarcity looked more mournful than utter bareness would have done. It was now the saddest time of all the year; the bleak east wind went wailing overhead; and underneath the soil was black with frost. Instead of pursuing the avenue to the front door of the Hall, where, as it seemed, I was not wanted, I took a foot-track to the left, which I knew led to that bowling-green whither I had been previously invited by Sir Massingberd, although I had not taken advantage of his rare courtesy. If he did now appear, no matter in what state of mental irritation, he could scarcely quarrel with me for doing the very thing he had asked me to do. Had I known, however, the character of the place in which I found myself, I should have reserved my visit for a less eerie and mysterious occasion.

The time of year, it is true, had no unfavorable influence upon the scene that presented itself, for all was clothed in garments of thickest green. Vast walls of yew shut in on every side a lawn of perfect smoothness; everything proclaimed itself to belong to that portion of the Hall property which was "kept up" by subsidy from without. The quaint oak-seats, though old, were in good repair; the yew-hedges clipped to a marvel. Still nothing could exceed the sombre and funereal aspect of the spot. It seemed impossible that such a sober game as bowls could ever have been played there, or jest and laughter broken that awful stillness. The southern yew-screen was in a crescent form, at the ends of which were openings unseen from within the enclosed space. Passing through one of these, I came upon what was called the Stone Garden. It took its name from four stone terraces, from the highest of which I knew that there must be a very extensive view. This space was likewise covered with yew-trees, clipped and cut in every conceivable form, after the vile taste of the seventeenth century. There was something weird in the aspect of those towering kings and queens—easily recognizable, however, for what they were intended—and of those maids of honor, with their gigantic ruffs and farthingales. One was almost tempted to imagine that they had been human once, and been turned into yew-trees for their sins. The whole area was black with them, and a sense of positive oppression, notwithstanding the eager air which caught me sharply whenever I lost the shelter of one these ungainly forms, led me on to the top terrace, where one could breathe freely, and have something else than yews to look upon.

Truly, from thence the scene was wide and fair. I stood at that extremity of the pleasure-grounds most remote from the Hall, and with my back to it. Before me lay a solitary tract of wooded park, thickly interspersed with planted knolls and coppices. Immediately beneath me was the thicket called the Home Spinney, the favorite haunt of hare and pheasant, and the spot in all the Chase most cherished by Sir Massingberd. He would have resented a burglary, I do believe, with less of fury than any trespass upon that sacred ground. Beyond the Spinney, and standing by itself, far removed from any other tree, was the famous Wolsey Oak. Why called so I have not the least idea, for it had the reputation of being a vast deal older than the days of the famous Cardinal. Yet still it was said to be as whole and sound as a bell. It was calculated to measure over fourteen yards in circumference, and that for many feet from its base; while its height, although it had lost some of its upper branches, still far exceeded that of any other of its compeers. Beyond this tree, but at another great interval, was the wood known as the Old Plantation, where Oliver Bradford had last seen his master alive. I was looking down then upon the very route which Sir Massingberd had been seen to commence, but which he had never ended. It was to the Home Spinney he had been apparently bound when Something—none knew what—had changed his purpose. He would probably have passed through it, and come up by that winding path yonder to the spot where I now stood; it was the nearest way home for him. Perhaps he had done so, although it was unlikely, since the watcher had not seen him. Perhaps those very yews behind me had concealed his murderers. Shut in by those unechoing walls of living green, no cry for aid would have been heard, even if Sir Massingberd had been the man to call for it; he would most certainly have never asked for mercy. But hark! what was that sound that froze the current of my blood, and set my heart beating and fluttering like the wings of a prisoned bird against its cage? Was it a strangled cry for "Help!" repeated once, twice, thrice, or was it the wintry wind clanging and grinding the naked branches of the Spinney? A voice had terrified me in Fairburn Chase once before, which had turned out to be no mere fancy; but there was this horror about the present sound, that I seemed to dimly recognize it. It was the voice of Sir Massingberd Heath, with an awful change in it, as if a powerful hand were tightening upon his throat. It seemed, as I have said, to come from the direction of the copse beneath, and yet I determined to descend into it, rather than thread again the mazes of those melancholy yews. The idea of my assistance being really required never entered into my thoughts; what I wanted was to escape from this solitude, peopled only with unearthly cries, and regain the companionship of my fellow creatures. How I regretted having left the society of those honest folk outside the gates! To remain where I was, was impossible; I should have gone mad. Fortunately, the Spinney was well-nigh leafless, and a bright but wintry sun penetrated it completely. I fled over its withered and frosted leaves, looking neither to left nor right, till I leaped the deep ditch that formed its southern boundary, and found myself in the open; then I stopped indeed quite short, for before me, not ten paces from the Spinney, from which he must have just emerged, lay the body of Grimjaw. It was still warm, but lifeless. There were no marks of violence about him; the struggle to extricate himself from the ditch, it is probable, had cost the wretched creature his little remaining vitality, weakened as he must have doubtless been by his previous night's lodging on the cold stone steps. But how had he come thither, who never moved anywhere out of doors except with Sir Massingberd or Gilmore? And whither, led, perhaps, by some mysterious instinct, was he going when Death had overtaken him—an easy task—and glazed that solitary eye, which had witnessed so much which was still a mystery to man?

Was it possible that he had perished in endeavoring to obey his master's cry for aid?—that terrible "Help! help!" which rang in my ears a while ago as I stood in the Stone Garden—and which rings, through half a century, in them now?

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEARCH.

Shrinking away from the body of the unhappy Grimjaw, and fleeing from the solitary spot in which it lay, I ran down towards the Heronry, where, in the distance, I could now perceive a number of persons assembled upon the lake-side. Below and above it, the stream flowed on as usual; but the larger area of water which contained the island, was frozen over with a thin coating of ice. This was being broken by men armed with long and heavy poles, after which the work of dragging the water was commenced. The scene was as desolate as the occupation was ghastly and depressing. Perched upon stony slabs of their now leafless home, the huge birds watched the proceedings with grave and serious air: at first, they imagined, I think, that the thing was done for their own behoof, and to the end that they might supply themselves with fish as usual; but the appearance of the grappling-irons disbused them of this idea. Now one, and now another, unable to restrain their curiosity, would rise slowly and warily into the air, and making a circuit over our heads, return to their old position, to reflect, with head aside, upon what they had seen. The presence as spectators of these gigantic creatures, certainly increased the weird and awful character of the employment in which we were engaged, and struck quite a terror into the village folk, who were unaccustomed to see them in such close proximity. Still, the work was not gone about by any means in reverent and solemn silence. If any man wishes his neighbors to speak their mind about him thoroughly and unreservedly, I should say, judging from what I heard on that occasion, Let him disappear, and be dragged for. It is not so certain he is dead, that any delicacy need be exercised in telling the severest truths about him; nor yet is there sufficient chance of his reappearance to make them reticent through fear. Only when the drags halted a little, meeting with some hidden obstruction, all tongues were silent, and pale faces clustered about the toilers, expecting that the dreadful thing they sought was about to be brought to land.

"I thought we had had him then," said one of the men, after an occasion of this sort; "but it was only a piece of stone."

"It might have been his *heart*, for all that," muttered another cynically; and a murmur of "Ay, that's true," went round them all.

"Has anybody been about the Home Spinney this morning?" inquired I of Oliver Bradford, who had just given up his place at the ropes to a fresh man.

"No, sir, nor last night either, as it turns out. It will be bad for somebody if Sir Massingberd does return, and finds out that the watcher who ought to have been there, was wiled away elsewhere, by what he thought was poachers holloing to one another—some owl's cry, as I should judge. And to-day, I doubt if a creature has been near the place, for none of my men seem to fancy going there alone."

"And who *was* the watcher there last night, Oliver?"

"Well, sir, we must not make mischief; he was a young chap new at the business, a sort of grandnevvey of mine by the wife's side. He'll do better next time, will young Dick Westlock. He was over-eager, that's all. And when you hear a cry in these woods, unless you are thoroughly accustomed to them, it may lead you a pretty dance; it takes a practised ear to tell rightly where it comes from."

"You should know me better, Bradford," returned I, "than to suppose I would bring

s led to harm by mentioning such a matter; but I should like to ask him a question or wo, if you will point him out."

"There he is then, sir," answered Oliver, pointing to a good-looking honest lad enough, but one who perhaps would scarcely have been considered sufficiently old for so trustworthy a part as sentinel of the home preserves, had he not been grand-nephew to the head-keeper.

"Why, Dick," said I, "your uncle tells me that you took an owl for a poacher last night, and followed his voice all over the Chase."

"It wasn't no owl, sir," quoth Dick, stoutly; "it were the voice of a man, whosoever it was."

"Don't thee be a fool," exclaimed his uncle, roughly. "I tell thee it was a bird, and called like this;" and the keeper gave a very excellent imitation of the cry of an owl.

This was not greatly unlike the sound which had so recently affrighted my own ears; but then owls rarely cry in the daytime.

"Dick," cried I, "never mind your uncle; listen to me. If you thought it was a human voice, what do you think it said?"

"Well, I can't rightly say as it said anything; it seemed to me to be a sort of wobbling in the throat; and I thought it might be a sound among some poaching fellars, made with a bird-call, or the like of that."

"Supposing it said any word at all, Dick, what word was it most like?"

Mr. Richard Westlock looked as nonplussed and embarrassed as though I had propounded to him some extremely complicated riddle.

"'Was it anything like 'Hel—p, hel—p!'" said I, imitating as well as I could those terrible tones.

"Bless my body," quoth Mr. Richard, slapping his legs with his hands, in admiration of my sagacity, "if them ain't the very words as it *did* say!"

"What think you of that, Oliver Bradford?" inquired I gravely.

"As the bell tinks, so the fool thinks," responded the head-keeper sententiously. "If you had asked Dick whether the word wasn't 'Jerusalem,' he would have said: 'Ay, that was the very word.'"

"Still," urged I, "since there may be something more than fancy in the thing, and the voice, if it was one, could not have come from under water, let the Park woods be thoroughly searched at once. There are men enough outside the gates to do that, without suspending the work that is going on here, and why should we lose time?"

The head keeper sullenly muttered something about not wanting a caddel of people poking their noses into every part of Fairburn Chase; then with earnest distinctness, as though the thought had only just struck him:

"Besides, Mr. Meredith, let me tell you that they may get to know more than is good for them."

At these words, I cast an involuntary glance at the plantation within a few hundred feet of us, in the recesses of which dwelt Sinnaments—Lady Heath.

"*You* may know, sir," continued the keeper, translating my thought, "but everybody don't know, and it's much better that they shouldn't."

Certainly the objection was a grave one, and I was glad enough to perceive Mr. Long coming down from the Hall towards us, an authority by whom the question could be decided.

"You had better ask him yourself, Oliver," said I, for as my tutor had never spoken to me of the existence of the unfortunate maniac, I did not like to address him upon the subject. Bradford therefore went forward to meet him; and after they had had some talk together, Mr. Long beckoned me to him.

"I think with you, Peter," said he, "that in any case, we should lose no time in searching the Chase. If we do not discover what we seek, we can scarcely fail to find some trace of a struggle, if struggle there has been, between such a man as Sir Massingbard and whoever may have assailed him. If he has been murdered, it is, of course, just possible that the assassins threw the body into the water, although not here, since the ice would scarcely have formed over it like this; otherwise, they could not have removed it without leaving some visible trace. Do you, Bradford, and a couple of your own men, examine that plantation yonder thoroughly, so that it need not be searched again; and in the meantime I will go and fetch more help."

I have taken part in my time in many a quest for game, both large and little; I have sought on foot in the rock-crannies of the North for the hill-fox; I have penetrated the tangled jungles of Hindustan for tiger; I have stood alone, gun in hand, on the skirts of a tropical forest, not knowing what bird or beast the beaters within might chance at any moment to drive forth; but I have never experienced such excitement as that which I felt when, one of forty men, I walked from end to end of Fairburn Chase in search of its lost master.

In one long line, and at the distance of about twenty yards from one another, we plodded on slowly and steadily, and with eyes that left no bush unexamined. This work, which in summer would have been toil indeed, was rendered comparatively easy by the bareness of the season; the frost, too, made the swamps in the hollows safe to the tread, and the tangled underwood brittle before us. Many a sunken spot we found hidden in brake and brier, and scarcely known to the keepers themselves, such as might easily have held, and we could not think how fully, the Thing we feared to find; and sometimes, when one man called to his neighbors, the whole line would halt, and each could scarcely restrain himself from running in, and seeing with his own eyes what trace of the missing man it was which had provoked the exclamation. We began at the outskirts of the Park, and worked towards the Hall, so that the Home Spinney, which was the likeliest spot of all, since he had been last seen going in that direction, was reserved for the end. As the men approached it, the excitement increased; they almost ran over the large open space in which stood the Wolsey Oak, extending its gnarled and naked arms aloft, as if in horror; but when they searched the coppice itself, and found the body of Grimjaw, stiffened into stone since I last saw it, many of them were not so eager to push on. I had omitted to tell them of the wretched animal's death, and the effect of the sight upon them was really considerable.

That "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," is is nothing more true than in the emotion produced by the sufferings or decease of animals upon gentle folks and upon laboring persons. Greater familiarity with such spectacles, and perhaps, too, a larger experience of hardship and sorrow among his own fellow-creatures—which naturally tends to weaken his sense of pity for mere animals—prevents the peasant from being moved at all by some sights at which his superiors would be really shocked; a dead horse lying in the road is, to the stonebreaker, a dead horse and nothing more; whereas to him who goes by on wheels—unless he is a veterinary surgeon—the sight is positively distressing. I am sure that the spectacle of half-a-dozen ordinary dead dogs would not have affected Oliver Bradford, for instance, in the least while if they had been "lurchers," and given to poaching practices, such a funereal scene would have afforded him unmixed satisfaction. But when he saw Grimjaw lying dead, and frozen, he shook his head very gravely, and bade us mark his words: "That that ere dog didn't die for nothing, but for a sign. That he would never have died—not he—if his master and constant companion had still had breath in him, and, more than that, we should find—we might take his word for it—that that there body and that of Sir Massingberd Heath were not very far from one another."

There were murmurs of hushed and awe-struck adhesion to these remarks, but not a dissentient voice in all the company; and in a frame of mind which would now be undoubtedly called "sensational," and not in a broken line of march, as heretofore, but almost shoulder to shoulder, we entered the Home Spinney.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT WAS IN THE COVERED CART.

If this true narrative of mine should chance to find its channel of publication in a hebdomadal periodical, and the end of the last chapter coincide with the end of the week, I am afraid I shall have unduly aroused the expectation of my readers, and kept them upon tenter-hooks during that period upon false pretences, or rather what may seem to be so. They will doubtless have promised themselves some ghastly spectacle—and I give them my honor that if they will only have patience they shall have it—to be presented in the very next page or two. It may disappoint them, temporarily, to hear that though we searched the coppice, tree by tree, and left not one heap of leaves unstirred by our feet, that we found nothing—Nothing. And yet I will venture to say, that if we had come upon that sight which all were so prepared for, the stiffened limbs of murdered Sir Massingberd, with his cruel face set for ever in death, and his hard eyes scowling up at the sky, it would scarcely have filled us with greater awe. It would have been a terrible sight, doubtless; but with every minute the terror would have faded, until at last it might have been melted into pity. He could at least have hurt no man more, being dead. But now that he was only Lost—still Lost—we looked at one another with dumb surprise, and over our shoulders with misgivings. He was not above ground in all Fairburn Chase, that was certain; nor under water, for the dragging-parties had discovered no more than we. Any idea of suicide was quite out of the question; Sir Massingberd Heath was the last man to leave life before he was summoned, even if he really felt, as he averred, that there was no sort of risk in doing so. Wicked men have a tolerably high opinion of this world, notwithstanding their low views of the people that inhabit it; and the French philosopher who put an end to his not invaluable existence upon the ground that he had had enough of everything, was an exceptional case.

At the same time, the probabilities were immensely against the baronet's having voluntarily undertaken any expedition, considering the circumstances under which he must have set out—on foot, fatigued, and at so late an hour. If secrecy had been his object, it would have been far more easily secured by his departure at a less extraordinary time. In the meanwhile, day after day passed by without any tidings, and the mystery of his disappearance deepened and spread. Mr. Long was rather reserved upon the matter at first, professing to entertain little doubt that the wilful Squire would presently return, malicious and grim as ever; but as the time went on, he began to grow uneasy, and seemed to find relief in conversing upon the subject, and suggesting more or less impossible contingencies.

"Do you remember, Peter," said he one morning at breakfast time, "reading out to me, some months ago, an account of the murder of a certain lieutenant of the Coast-guard by smugglers on the east coast—how he oppressed them and treated them with unnecessary cruelty for many, many months, until at last they took him away out of his bed by force, and carried him no man knew whither, and put him to death, with tortures?"

"Yes," returned I, "perfectly well. They buried the poor wretch up to his neck in the sea sand, and bowled stones at his head."

"Well, Peter, that frightful scene is constantly representing itself whenever I shut my eyes; only the head is that of Sir Massingberd. You cannot imagine how distressing it is to me now to go to bed, with the expectation of this re-enacting itself before I can get to sleep."

"Dear me, how dreadful!" returned I. "But does not the fact of your only recognizing the victim, convince you of the unreality of the thing? If you knew the faces of the smugglers, then indeed—"

"I do know them, Peter," interrupted my tutor, gravely; that is the worst of it; although it should, as you say, rather convince me of the imaginary character of the scene, since the actors in it have long been dead and gone, I believe. They are not smugglers, but gipsies. There is one Carew in particular, one unhappy man, into whose history I need not enter, but who once incurred the baronet's vengeance, and I am afraid it is but too likely perished in consequence. It is a sad story of deception on both sides; but it is certain that Sir Massingberd richly earned the hatred of the wandering people. I have no right, of course, to make any such charge, but, Peter, I cannot help thinking that it is they who have made away with the Squire. I casually inquired in the village yesterday about the tribe that generally inhabit the fir-grove on the Crittenden Road, and it seems they left the place by night, on or about the very date of Sir Massingberd's disappearance."

My heart grew cold and heavy as a stone at these words, delivered though they were with vagueness, and without any threat of action to follow them, for the suspicion which my tutor now expressed had long ago taken firm root in my own mind. I would not, however, have given expression to it upon any account, and my present wish was to do away with this notion of the rector's as much as possible. I would not, perhaps, have assisted in the escape of the Cingari from punishment, if punishment they deserved, but neither would I have put out my hand to deliver them up. The Law had taken its wicked will of them often enough already, and in connection with this very man.

"These who know these people best," said I, "such as Bradford and the keepers, do not think it at all probable that they would have had the courage to face Sir Massingberd. Even if they possessed it, what could they have done but slain him? and if slain, where have they put him to?"

"God alone knows," said my tutor, solemnly; "but the man at the pike at Crittenden, says, I believe, that they had a covered cart with them, which they have never been known to have before."

I murmured something to the effect that the winter was coming on, and that it was likely enough that they should have procured for themselves some peripatetic shelter of that kind; but a nameless horror took hold upon me, in spite of myself, when Mr. Long rejoined, that he should think it his duty to have the gipsies followed, and a thorough examination of their effects to be made. I had not another word to say. I seemed already to see poor old Rachel Liversedge standing in the felon's dock, avowing and glorying in her guilt, and defiant of the sentence which would consign her and hers to the same fate that had overtaken, with no such justice, Stanley Carew. Any hope of escape for them, I knew, was out of the question. They had not the means for speedy travel, while, in those days of superstition and intolerance, the Cingari were an object of animadversion and alarm, whithersoever they moved. That very day, acting upon information received concerning their present whereabouts, Mr. Long set out on horseback, accompanied by the parish constable, and came up with the party whom he sought upon a certain common within twenty miles of Fairburn. The tribe, of whom I had only seen three grown-up members, were tolerably numerous, and the constable evinced his fitness for being a peace-officer by counselling the rector to do nothing rash—at least until reinforcements should permit of his doing so with safety. The sight, however, of the covered cart, placed, as it seemed, jealously in the very centre of the encampment, was too much for Mr. Long, who, to do him justice, was as bold as a lion, except where conventional "position," as in the case of Sir Massingberd, made him indisposed for action. He turned his horse straight for the desired object, in spite of the threatening looks of several men, who were tinkering about an immense fire, and was only stopped by the youngest of them starting up, and laying his hand imperatively upon his bridle rein.

"Have you a warrant, Mr. Long," inquired the gipsy sternly, "that you ride through our camp, when all the rest of the common is open to you, and wish to pry into that poor place yonder, which is all we have of house and home?"

The rector had no sort of right for what he did, and was therefore proportionally indignant.

"Unhand my bridle, sirrah!" cried he. "What is your name, who seem to know mine so well, and yet who knows me so little, that you can imagine I am here in other cause than that of right and justice?"

"My name is Walter Carew," replied the gipsy, still retaining his hold.

"Then that is warrant sufficient for what I do," cried my tutor excitedly, and raising his riding-whip as he spoke.

The swarthy face of the gipsy gleamed with passion, and his unoccupied right hand sought his side, as if for a weapon. Mischief would undoubtedly have ensued, but that at that moment the curtains of the covered cart were parted by a skinny hand, and the voice of Rachel Liversedge was heard bidding the young man let the bridle go, and not spill parson's blood, which was as bad as wasting milk and water. Then she added with mock courtesy:

"Pray, come hither, Mr. Long; our doors are always open, and there can be no intrusion where there are only females and sickness."

"If that be all," returned my tutor in a softened tone—for though somewhat arbitrary, as it would now be thought, towards his inferiors, he was ever gentle to the sex; "if that indeed be all, I shall not inflict my presence upon you long."*

With those words, he threw himself from his horse, and climbed up into the cart; it was rather a roomy one, but all that was in it was clearly to be seen at the first glance. It was carpeted with rushes a foot thick, from which Rachel Liversedge was busily engaged in weaving chair-bottoms. Opposite to her sat another female, engaged in the same articles, but constructing out of them crowns and necklaces, which, though they did not very much resemble the ornaments for which they were intended, appeared to afford her exquisite satisfaction.

"Why don't you introduce me, Rachel?" exclaimed she testily, as Mr. Long looked in. "Don't you see the gentleman is bowing?—Sinnaments—Lady Heath."

The secret of the gipsies' sudden removal, as well as of their use of the vehicle which had excited his suspicions, was at once apparent to the rector.

"Is she better, happier in your custody?" inquired my tutor, in a whisper, of the chair-maker. "God knows I would not disturb her if she be."

"My little sister is not beaten now," observed Rachel bitterly; "although, of course, we have not those luxuries with which her husband has always surrounded her."

"Only four times, sister Rachel!" observed the afflicted one, in a tone of remonstrance—"one, two, three, four," checking them off on her poor fingers, covered with worthless gewgaws. "I don't consider Gilmore's beatings anything, only Sir Massingberd's—"

"May God's curse have found him!" exclaimed Rachel Liversedge fervently. "May He have avenged her wrongs upon him at last! Don't look at me, sir, as though I were a witch wishing a good man ill. I wish I *were* a witch. How he should pine, and rave, and writhe, and suffer ten thousand deaths in one!"

She spoke with such hate and fury, that Mr. Long involuntarily cast once more a suspicious glance around him, as though in reality she possessed the means of vengeance which she so ardently desired.

"Did you expect to find him here?" continued she. "That was it, was it? I wish you had. I would that I had his fleshless bones to show you. It is not *my* fault that I have them not, be sure. If there were any manliness left among my people—but there is not—they are curs, all—if any memory of the persecuted and the murdered had dwelt within them, as with me, let alone this work of his—she pointed to her unconscious sister—for which, had he done nought else, I would have torn his heart out, he would not have lived thus long by forty years. For aught we know, however, he lives yet. Only hearing he was gone, we went and took our little sister from her wretchedness, and thus will keep her if you give us leave—you Christian gentlemen. Where he may be, we know not; we only hope that in some hateful spot—in hell, if such a place there be—he may be suffering unimagined pains."

* In those days it was not thought incumbent upon ministers of the Gospel to look after gipsy-folk, whose souls, in case they had any, were not opined to be much worth saving.

The fervor and energy of her words, however reprehensible in a moral point of view, were such as left no doubt in the mind of Mr. Long that the gipsy woman spoke truth. Assuring her, therefore, that, so far as he was concerned, she should not be molested in the custody of her unfortunate sister, my tutor rode back to Fairburn, relieved from the dread burden of his late suspicion, but more at his wits' end for an elucidation of the disappearance of Sir Massingberd than ever. Right glad was I to hear that his errand among my dusky friends had been bootless; but by the next morning's post I had received bitter news from Harley Street. A copy of that menacing epistle which I had so unwittingly enclosed to Marmaduke from his uncle, reached me from Mr. Gerard. His words were kind, and intended to be comforting. He knew of course that I had been deceived—he well knew—and they all knew he said—that my hand was the last to do Marmaduke hurt—to do aught but protect and uphold him. But I could see that some grievous harm had occurred through me, nevertheless, as Sir Massingberd's cat's-paw. It was more apparent to me because there was not one accompanying word from my dear friend himself, whom I knew too well to imagine capable of blaming me. It was most apparent of all because of the postscript written in Lucy's own hand—so fair, so clear, so brave, so like her own sweet self—saying that I must not reproach myself because I had been overreached by a base man. "Marmaduke will write soon," she said; "he does not love you less because he is silent upon this matter, and must be kept so for a little while." He was ill, then, thanks to my dull wits; and out of pity she had written "Marmaduke." Ah me, would *I* not have been ill! Would *I* not have welcomed kinship with a score of wicked uncles for such pity! "He does not love you less because he is silent"—was that a quotation culled from her own heart's whisperings?

"A most unfortunate business," said Mr. Long, reflectively, when he had possessed himself of this intelligence. "That letter of Sir Massingberd's will undo all the good of the last twelve months. With what a devilish ingenuity for torment has he framed every phrase. '*My arm will reach you wheresoever you are; at the time you least expect it, and from the quarter to which you have least looked. However Well it may seem to be with you, it will not be Well.*" How thoroughly he knew his nephew! This will make Marmaduke Heath a wretched man for life."

"Not if Sir Massingberd be dead," said I, "and can be proved so."

"That is true," responded my tutor, drily; then added, without, I think, intending me to hear it: "But what will be worse than anything is this doubt as to whether he be dead or not."

I felt convinced of this too, and bowed my head in sorrow and silence. There was a long pause. Then my tutor suddenly started up, and exclaimed with animation:

"Peter, will you go with me to London? I certainly shall do no more good here, just now, than here; and I think that your presence will be very needful in Harley Street."

"I shall be ready to start this very evening," returned I, thinking of the mail which passed at night.

"We will be off within an hour," replied my tutor; "I will order posters from the inn at once. Too much time has been lost already—we should have started when Sir Massingberd himself did."

"Do you think he is gone to town, then, with any evil purpose?" inquired I, aghast.

"If he has gone at all, it is certain it is for no good," rejoined the rector, gravely. "It is more than likely that this disappearance may be nothing but a ruse to throw us off our guard. The cat that despaired of attaining her end by other means, pretended to be Dead." (TO BE CONTINUED)

☞ A young man named Durkee, at work in a soap-stone factory in Perkinsville, Vermont, went into the wheel-pit on Monday last, to tighten some nuts, and while there was caught by the coat sleeve upon a two-inch horizontal shaft, and, after being carried around the shaft fifteen or twenty times with fearful velocity, was thrown into the inside of a large breast wheel and brought up to a small door, where he was left in a perfect state of nudity. Strange as it may appear, hardly a scratch could be found upon him, though he fainted, having become perfectly exhausted.

☞ "Ma, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner." "Susan, put that boy to bed."

☞ THE TWO-CENT PIECE.—The new two-cent piece which has been recommended for the sanction of Congress, resembles, as much as anything can, a gold coin. On one side there is a wreath of wheat, in the centre of which is stamped "2 cents," and around which are the words "United States of America." On the other side there is the shield of liberty, bearing the words "God our Trust."

☞ An English paper states, on the "best authority," that the son of the Prince of Wales is to be baptized in water brought from the river Jordan.

THE "HEROINE" OF GETTYSBURG.—A number of papers have taken up the story of "sweet Jenny Wade, the heroine of Gettysburg," with more or less eloquence, and poems have been written, and even a monument proposed to her memory. But, as we must believe the people of Gettysburg, this Jenny Wade was no heroine at all, and not even a good loyalist. A correspondent of The Press at the battle field, in answer to a recent eulogy of the new heroine, writes:—"Could your correspondent have been in Gettysburg on the Friday preceding the battle, he might have heard her urging the rebels to *take the horse of that black* Abolitionist, a good neighbor and a strong Union man." The Gettysburg Star repeats that the story is a most absurd one, especially where the real facts are so well known, and says:—"If these writers desire to have a monument erected over her grave they are welcome to erect one, while the people here will stand off and laugh at the absurdity of the undertaking. We would rather not have alluded to this matter at all, and even now decline saying all that we know, yet in justice to the country at large, we felt it our duty to say this much. Honor only to whom honor is due."

OFFICIAL ESTIMATE OF REBEL LOSSES.—A correspondent writes to the Cincinnati Commercial:—

Prepared as I was to expect gross misrepresentations of the results of battles in the rebel press, I have long felt that history would, no doubt, give the correct figures as to the rebel losses in the battles of the war. All your readers are, no doubt, as anxious as I am for facts on the subject, and with me have waited patiently for their official publication through an official channel. Fortunately I can gratify them, as will be seen from the following official table. I copy, verbatim et literatim, a list of killed, wounded and missing in the battles, skirmishes and engagements of the war, for the years 1861, 1862 and 1863:—

	Killed.	Wound'd.	Pris'ners.	Total.
1861	1,370	3,955	2,772	7,997
1862	14,556	47,204	15,876	77,646
1863	12,221	48,300	71,211	131,832
Totals	28,147	99,459	89,859	217,465

Rebels died of disease and sickness from commencement of war to the present time, 130,000.

☞ M. Lespoit, a surgeon of the invading army in Mexico, it is alleged, having a hundred Mexican prisoners in his hospital, cut off half of the fore-finger of each man, to render them incapable of drawing a trigger. He committed this barbarism six months ago, but no journal has since dared to mention the fact. M. Lond, an assistant surgeon, rather than be an accomplice of the crime, resigned his commission, which was accepted, but not till after he had been kept in close arrest for two months.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of Flour reach 12,000 bbls, at $7,75@8,25 for fair to good Pennsylvania and Western extra family; $8,50@8,75 for high grade do, and $9@9,25 for fancy brands, including superfine in lots, which is scarce at $6,75@7,25; extras $7,50@8. Rye Flour is scarce and in request at $6,50 ₩ bbl. Of Corn Meal we hear of no sales to alter quotations. Brandywine is held at $6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, with sales of 35,000 bus Wheat at from $1,85 to $1,86 for common to prime Pennsylvania reds; $1,75 to $1,85 for Southern do, the latter for prime, about, and $1,90 to $2 for white. Rye continues scarce; sales of Pennsylvania at $1,40. Corn—Sales of about 30,000 bus yellow at $1,30@1,31, and $1,26@1,27 for white. Oats are quiet at 88@90c for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Of Barley and Malt sales of 12,000 bus are reported at $1,35@1,40 for the former, and $1,60 for the latter.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is firm. Mess Pork is quoted at $26@27, and Mess Beef at $14@18 ₩ bbl, the latter for city packed. Beef Hams; sales at $25. Bacon is firm; Hams at 16½@18½c, the latter for fancy bagged; Shoulders at 13@13½c, and Sides at about the same figures. Green Meats; sales of 1500 pkgs pickled Hams at 15½@16½c; do in salt at 15@15½c, and Shoulders in salt and pickle at 12@12½c. Lard; sales of bbls and tcs are reported at 14½@15c, and kegs at 16c. Butter is dull at 25@35c for packed and roll. Cheese is selling at 15@18c ₩ lb. Eggs are worth 30c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales reached some 350 bales, within the range of 75@81c for ordinary to good middling quality.

BARK—The market for Quercitron has been dull; sales of about 120 hhds at $40 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark scarce.

BEES WAX—Yellow is worth 55c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is active at from $7,50 to 8 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is quiet but very firm. A few small lots Rio sold at 44@45½c.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and good Western commands 68@70c ₩ lb.

FRUIT is in good demand, with large sales of Dried Apples at 10@10½c, and unpared Peaches at 19@20c.

HAY is selling at $35@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling rather more freely at 25@30c for eastern and western.

IRON—Small sales of Pig Metal are reported at $53@55 ₩ ton, cash, for the three numbers. For Manufactured Iron the demand continues good.

LUMBER—There is none arriving by canal. Rafted Hemlock is selling at $18,50@20 for joist and scantling, and $21@22 for boards; Lehigh hemlock boards are quoted at $24; white pine $32@34, and yellow sap at $25@27 ₩ M.

MOLASSES is in request. About 400 hhds sold at 80@85c for Cuba, on time, and 1200 bbls New Orleans at 90@96½c, cash.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and meets with ready sale at $6 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—The active season is about over, and there is very little Cloverseed offering; further sales are reported, mostly in small lots, at $7@7,50 for old and new Seed, chiefly at $7,25@7,35 from first, and $7,75@8 from second hands. Timothy is quiet at $2,50@2 75, and Flaxseed in good demand at $3,35@3,37½ ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing; sales of 1200 bbls Whiskey at from 115 to 135c for Pennsylvania and Western.

SUGAR—Sales reach some 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 15@17c on time, including a few small lots New Orleans at 12½@16½c, cash.

TALLOW is firm at 13½c for city rendered.

WOOL—The market is quiet; sales have been moderate within the range of 75@80c for low and medium, and 83@85c for fine fleece and tub, nett.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from $10 to 15 ₩ 100 lbs. 220 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ₩ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10½ cents ₩ lb. 2200 Hogs at from $11 to 13 ₩ 100 lbs.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States; and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the first of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial uses.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1,000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000); and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1,000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium,) or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a fund for like payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, with a letter stating the kind (registered or coupon) and the denominations of bonds required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and by the

First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
First National Bank of Carlisle, Pa.
First National Bank of Danville, Pa.
First National Bank of Erie, Pa.
First National Bank of Marietta, Pa.
First National Bank of Meadville, Pa.
First National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
Second National Bank of Scranton, Pa.
First National Bank of Strasburg, Pa.
First National Bank of Towanda, Pa.
First National Bank of West Chester, Pa.
Second National Bank of Wilkesbarre, Pa.
First National Bank of York, Pa.
First National Bank of Parkersburg, W. Va.
First National Bank of Washington, D. C.
First National Bank of Newark, N. J.
First National Bank of Baltimore.
First National Bank of Binghampton, N. Y.
First National Bank of Elmira, N. Y.,

and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money. All respectable banks and bankers throughout the country will furnish further information on application, and afford every facility to subscribers. ap23-4t

THE PICKPOCKET'S TRAP.—The Lombardi, of Milan say:—"A young man, with his arm caught in an iron trap, has just been led through the streets of this city to prison. A person named Varisco had invented a gin to catch pickpockets, which may be easily placed in a coat pocket, and is so constructed as to hold the hand of the thief as if in a vice. M. Varisco being in a locality which those light-fingered gentry are thought to frequent, and remarking near him an individual of a rather suspicious exterior, took from one of his pockets a handsome silver snuff box, at the same time assuming a simple air; then leisurely taking a pinch from it, he placed it into a pocket provided with the trap. Presently the stranger approached M. Varisco, slipped his hand into the pocket, seized hold of the bait, and in another second showed by his cries that he was securely caught."

☞ The Oskaloosa (Iowa) Herald mentions a new dodge used by sharpers in that vicinity to make money. They go round among farmers pretending to be buying turkeys for the Sanitary Commission, to be given to the soldiers. The farmers sell them cheap because of the praiseworthy object, and the sharpers realize handsome profits by sending the fowls to Eastern markets where poultry is very high.

☞ ICE AS A LIFE PRESERVER.—A young lady having met with a disappointment in love, resolved to throw herself into the River Elbe. She did so, from the "New Bridge," and, greatly to her astonishment and the amusement of the lookers-on, found herself seated on the ice, forgetting that it was frozen! She was helped up, and prudently thanked them, saying, after all, it was just as well she had escaped, as it would have been very cold.

☞ Somebody who has been in Constantinople says of the Turks and their pipes, "A mouth-piece worth ten or twenty thousand dollars may be frequently seen, while the bowl of the pipe is worth but a tenth of a cent."

R. R. R.

CHILLS AND FEVER.
CHILLS AND FEVER.
CHILLS AND FEVER.

One teaspoonful of Radway's Ready Relief in a wineglass of water, taken on rising in the morning and repeated every three hours, will break up this formidable complaint. This remedy is a better safeguard against Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, and all other Fevers, Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, than all other medicines in use. One dose has frequently expelled the Ague and Fever poison from the system, and in case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diptheria, Influenza, Hoarseness, Colds, Strains, Sprains, Cramps, Spasms, Swollen Joints, Lameness, Spinal Complaints, there is nothing in the world that will relieve the patient so quick or cure so *rapidly* as Radway's Ready Relief. Price 25 cents per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS.—The entire freedom from all deleterious ingredients render "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, a safe remedy for the most delicate female, or youngest child, and has caused them to be held in the highest esteem by Clergymen, Singers and Public Speakers generally.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

Although many years have elapsed since this discovery was made known to the world, its great virtue has never yet been equalled. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. ap 2-cow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. James M. Crowell, E. PHILLIPS FEASTER, of Bucks county, to LIZZIE, eldest daughter of Capt. Joseph Mc Mackin, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. HENRY SMITH, to Miss MARY J. M. COWELL, both of Manayunk.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, WILLIAM SMITH, of Southwark, to Miss SALLY J., daughter of Mr. John Watson, of Pittstown, Salem county, N. J.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES G. DILTS, U. S. A., to Miss ANNA M. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. GEORGE W. ELLIS, of Bucks county, to Miss ANNIE SENIOR, of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. FRANCIS L. STEIN, to Miss EMMA E., eldest daughter of Dr. Lewis Royer, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, ANNA, wife of John Linton, in her 73d year.

On the 20th instant, THEODALD B. TIERS, in his 47th year.

On the 19th instant, HANNAH W., wife of Dr. T. E. Beesley, in her 65th year.

On the 19th instant, Mr. THEODORE BIBELY, in his 46th year.

On the 18th instant, ORLANDO WELSH, in his 43d year.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM BLOOMER, aged 60 years.

On the 17th instant, ADELIA H., daughter of Owen D. and Hannah Roberts, aged 23 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SHARP, in her 56th year.

On the 16th instant, Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, in his 65th year.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM B. GETZE, in his 73d year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DARBY, aged 57 years.

EYRE & LANDELL, 400 ARCH ST., Have ordered this season, for their best custom,

Richest Silks Imported;
Shawls of exclusive styles;
Dress Goods, Paris styles;
Spring Mantles, Cloth and Silk.

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HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
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All of our Registers now ready. Sent free to any address. Please call or send!
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COLLECTIONS OF CHANTS.

Tuckermann's Cathedral Chants, including the Gregorian Tones, $2,50. Hayter's Cathedral Chants, 50 cts. Choir and Family Psalter, by Drs. Wainwright and Muhlenberg. In this volume the music staves are left blank in order that they may be filled at the pleasure of the Choir with such words as they may select, $1,50. Bird's Single and Double Chants, 40 cts. Church Manual. By T. Bissell, $1,00. Gregorian and other Ecclesiastical Chants, 25 cts. Manuscript Chant Book, by Jones, $1,50.

The above collections comprise the best chants for the use of Choirs. They are all standard works of merit, and very acceptable to the admirers of this class of Music. Copies will be mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
ap23-tf Publishers, Boston.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.—Since the price of Tobacco has become so enormous—pacing it almost beyond the reach of many, I have been induced to consider whether there could not be something substituted in its stead. After one year of careful study and experimenting I have succeeded, and can now place within reach of all an excellent substitute for tobacco, which the most inveterate chewers pronounce superior to any they ever used. *It is entirely free from drugs*, or other injurious properties. The juice can be swallowed with impunity, acting as a *tonic*. But the most important feature in the discovery is the extremely low price for which it can be manufactured. It can be made for 20 cts., or in quantities for 15 cts. per pound.

Any one remitting me 56 cts. I will send receipt, with full instructions for making, curing, &c. Address W. H. NEGLY,
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that he has had for many years, to which he would respectfully invite those who wish to purchase anything in that line. ap2-10t

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10-40 LOAN.

This Bank has been authorized and is now prepared to receive subscriptions to the

NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

This Loan, issued under authority of an act of Congress, approved March 3, 1864, provides for the issue of Two Hundred Millions of Dollars ($200,000,000) United States Bonds, redeemable after ten years, and payable forty years from date, IN COIN, dated March 1, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of

FIVE PER CENT.

per annum IN COIN, payable semi-annually on all Bonds over $100, and on Bonds of $100 and less, annually.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds as they may prefer.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denomination of fifty dollars ($50), one hundred dollars ($100), five hundred dollars ($500), one thousand dollars ($1,000), five thousand dollars ($5,000), and ten thousand dollars ($10,000), and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of fifty dollars ($50), one hundred dollars ($100), five hundred dollars ($500), and one thousand dollars ($1,000).

Interest will commence from the date of the subscription, or accrued interest from the first day of March or September, as the case may be, to date of subscription, may be paid in coin, (or until further notice) in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium.

C. H. CLARK,
ap9-4t President.

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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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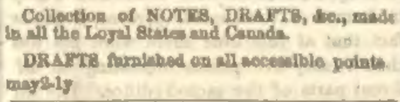

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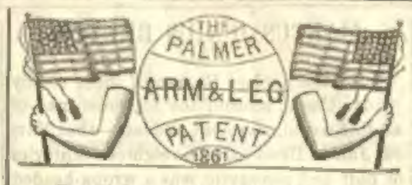

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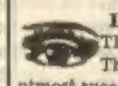

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A STRONG CONSTITUTION,
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

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WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
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DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
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There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.

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For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and one with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than those inferior preparations will cost you.

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Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

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Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

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The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not feelingly to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparations, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.
J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
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We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

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Wit and Humor.

How Adrian Helped an Old Soldier to Get His Back Rubbed.—The Emperor Adrian used to bathe frequently in public, a habit which gave rise to a capital joke. One day seeing an old soldier, whom he had known in the army, rubbing his back against a marble slab, after coming out of the bath, he inquired the reason. The veteran answered that he had no servant to do it for him; whereupon the Emperor ordered him a servant with towels. The next day about a dozen old fellows appeared, rubbing their backs against the marble, thinking the Emperor would be as liberal to them as he had been to their companion. But he was not the man to be humbugged in that way; and calling them to him, he suggested, in the blandest manner, that the best thing they could do would be to rub each other's backs, and he followed up his advice by ordering them to go at it.

"I Change My Mind."—A part of Gen. S———'s corps, writes a Southern correspondent, is here, waiting transportation eastward. One of the brigades encamped near us is temporarily commanded by a German colonel, one who claims to have seen service abroad.

On the day referred to his brigade was out for review and inspection. He approached, and taking his position, called out—

"Attention, my br-rigade! Shoulder-r a-r-rms."

But how we were startled, as the movement was being executed, to hear—

"Hold on! I change my mind! R-r-ight shoulder shift a-r-r-ms!"

The manœuvre was executed with many miles, especially in the rear of the commanding officer.

New Clothes.—Said Joe to Bill—both were old bummers, and both were terribly dry—

"Bill, if you'll treat, I'll tell you where you can get a whole new suit of clothes on six months' trust."

"Will you, though? Now, no foolin' yer Billy."

"True as preachin' I will," said Joe, and the parties took a drink at Bill's expense, when Joe, with a twinkling of the eye, said,

"You go up to the recruiting rendezvous, and tell 'em yer want a suit of clothes. They give them to yer on six months' trust."

Bill said that his health was so delicate that he couldn't "list."

Hard on the Spaniards.—It is related of the witty Dominican monk, Bocco, that he had a great dislike to tobacco; and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors, he astounded them by telling them that there were no Spanish saints in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars that they made the holy Virgin sick, and St. Peter set his wits o work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull fight was to be held outside the gate of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gate, and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

Love in the Army.—The "quarterly return" of Lieut. Love, quartermaster of a Western regiment now in the field, was observed going through the circumlocution office at Washington a few days since, with he following endorsement in pencil, supposed to have been written by the quartermaster general:—

"Beneath the stripes and stars,
Does Venus conquer Mars?
Do Cupid's darts than Minie balls fly faster?
Small marvel would it be
Such strange results to see,
Where *Love* is *Regimental Quartermaster!*"

A TURKISH LOVE AFFAIR.

The modern laws of Cos do not reward female chastity, but they discountenance, in a very singular manner, any cruelty in females towards their admirers. While Dr. Clarke was on that island, an instance occurred in which the fatal termination of a love affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers called "homicide by an intermediate cause." The case was as follows:—

"A young man desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his disappointment he bought some poison and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman, as the cause, by implication, of the man's death. Under the fifth species of homicide, he became therefore amenable for this act of suicide. When the cause came before the magistrate, it was urged literally by the accusers, that 'if he, the accused, had not had a daughter, he would not have fallen in love; consequently he would not have been disappointed; consequently he would not have swallowed poison; consequently he would not have died. But he, the accused, had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love, and had been disappointed, and had swallowed poison, and had died.' Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, it was accordingly exacted!"

MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

That the noblest Roman of them all, by whom Cæsar, himself the foremost man of all this world, was done to death—that Marcus Junius Brutus, despite eighteen centuries of puff and panegyric, was a wrong-headed man, an impracticable politician, incompetent as a statesman, and as a general faulty and grasping; is now as commonly allowed by the modern school of historical critics, as in bygone ages it would have been scouted with indignant denial.

As Dr. Liddell remarked, in his History of Rome, the name of Brutus had, by Plutarch's beautiful narrative, sublimed by Shakespeare, become a proverb for self devoted patriotism. "This exalted opinion," adds the learned Dean of Christ Church, "is now generally confessed to be unjust." Brutus, he contends, was not a patriot, unless devotion to the party of the Senate be patriotism:—towards the Provincials he was a true Roman, harsh and oppressive.—Cicero says he never received a letter from him in which there was not something arrogant and overbearing. "He urged the Orator, when Proconsul of Cilicia, to exact debts due to him from Ariobarzanes, King of Cappadocia and the people of Salamis in Cyprus. Cicero was shocked at the usurious interest he demanded for his money from the wretched Asiatics, and at the cruel way in which he extorted payment from his debtors.

"He was entirely free from the sensuality and profligacy of his age, as became one who professed a high philosophic rule. But for public life he was unfit. His habits were those of a student. His application was great, his memory remarkable. But he possessed little power of turning his acquirements to account; and to the last he was rather a learned man than a man improved by learning. In comparison with Cassius he was humane and generous; but in almost every respect his character is contrasted for the worse with that of the great man from whom he accepted favors, and then became his murderer."*

"His conduct after the "tyrannicide," is shown to have been not only vacillating and weak, but as illegal as the usurpation of Caius Julius. He left Rome as Prætor, without the permission of the Senate; he took possession of a province which, even by Cicero's testimony, had been assigned to another; he arbitrarily passed beyond the boundaries of his province, and set his effigy on the coins †

He attacked the Bessi, as Professor Long remarks, in order to give his soldiers booty; and he plundered Asia, to get money for the conflict against Cæsar and Antony, for the mastery of Rome and Italy. "The means that he had at his disposal, show that he robbed without measure and without mercy; and never was greater tyranny exercised over helpless people in the name of liberty, than the wretched inhabitants of Asia experienced from Brutus, the 'Liberator,' and Cassius 'the last of the Romans.' But all these great resources were thrown away in an ill-conceived and worse-executed campaign."

It was some years after his residence in Cyprus, the historian of Rome under the Empire has pointed out, that Brutus commissioned one Scaptius to collect his debts with their accumulated interest—and allowed his agent to urge the most questionable interpretations of the law, and to enforce a rate of interest beyond what Cicero considered either legal or equitable. Scaptius, in his zeal for his employer, obtained the services of a troop of horse, with which he shut up the Salaminian senators in their house of assembly, till five of them died of starvation, being really unable to procure the sum required. "The bitter reflections which Cicero makes upon the conduct of Brutus mark the strong contrast between the tried and practical friend of virtue and the pedantic aspirant to philosophic renown.

And yet with what venerating enthusiasm, and all but absolute unanimity, was it the wide world's wont for ages and ages to glorify Brutus as the patriot of patriots—the model of that class—the incarnation of all the political virtues—for all time, a name of terror to political evil-doers, and of praise to them that do well; as one that beareth not the sword in vain, where tyrants still survive; and as one that being dead yet speaketh, to all the sons of freedom, with the eloquence of burning words and of immortal deeds.

Ah Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns
As, scarce supported on her broken spear,
O'er her expiring son the goddess mourns.

So pipes, or quavers, the author of the "Minstrel," approved in high places, while he lived and wrote, as a pattern for all that is orthodox and tasteful. And in his encomium of the Roman patriot, he was but spokesman for his own age, and for most others. For, as Coleridge pointed out, at the time of Bonaparte's advance to empire, we had so long connected the names of Brutus and Cassius with the word Liberty, that we had forgotten that, by the Roman populace, they were considered as the leaders of the senatorian aristocracy,—Cæsar being the child and champion of Jacobinism.—*Colburn's Monthly.*

* Liddell, History of Rome. † Drumann.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid.—"Drat the bothering China cups and things. They be always a-knocking up against one's crinoline."

CALMNESS OF FAITH.

A writer in the Spectator gives an account of the recent earthquake in Manilla, as described by an eye-witness:—

"I walked slowly homeward, and, having to pass near the cathedral, I went in. Being the eve of the *Fete Dieu*, I found it crowded with worshippers. Men and women of every hue of color were mingled with children whose fairer skins contrasted strongly with that of the elders, especially those whose parents were Europeans. There is at all times a striking devoutness displayed in the churches, but this struck me especially on this evening, no doubt because of the solemnity of the occasion. How many were in the building I cannot say, but the number was very great, for, though the cathedral was exceedingly large, I could not see a space large enough for a single additional person beyond a few feet from the door by which I entered. Some notion may be formed of the number present, from the fact that at this time there were not less than twenty-five priests officiating in different parts of the sacred edifice. The air was so bad that I did not remain more than two or three minutes, though the service had not long begun."

Not many minutes after, the same spectator returned to the spot where the cathedral had stood. Not a dozen people, he thinks, had escaped out of the building before it came crushing down upon the two or three thousand which its walls alone must have contained. The scene to which he was witness, was one of no common order.

"When I reached the ruins," he says, "men and women were already working at those parts where appearances indicated the possibility of most speedily reaching bodies. The largest group was collected round a chapel, a small portion of which was upheld by the peculiar way in which a beam had fallen. Women were sobbing, and men were listening anxiously at a small opening, where a window had formerly been—Faint groans issued from it, and I could hear a voice—that of a girl, I thought, but it turned out to be one of the choristers—asking, piteously, for help and deliverance. Then a low but deep bass voice, doubtless that of the priest who was officiating at the time of the calamity, uttering the well-known words, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.' As these words came forth, those outside burst into a passion of tears, which was soon choked in order that they might hear if the voice spoke again. There were some deep groans, apparently wrung from the speaker by intense pain, and then the same voice spoke in a calm and even tone, as though addressing a congregation, 'For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch-angel, and with the trump of God.' Silence followed for some minutes, and then a deep voice came forth which was so low that only I and a few others near the hole could hear it, 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit,' and with the utterance of those words of faith and prayer the spirit must have left the tortured body, for not a sound was heard after this, except the piteous prayers of a child."

It is not easy to imagine a sublimer instance of the faith which, encountering in His own visible person the awful Earthquaker and Destroyer, can see in Him nothing but the Eternal Rock of stability and of peace. The voice comes in the earthquake, but the earthquake does but disguise to the priest's glazing eyes the still, small voice which bids him rest from his labors. It reminds him only of that greater earthquake which rent in twain the veil of the Temple, when a deeper dismay was vanquished, and a greater work was finished.

COUSIN CARRIE.

This is the stile where Carrie leaned:
My sister Jane and I
Came through the summer woods with her,
And could not pass it by.
We leaned among the leafy green,
And stayed to chat awhile:
The happy morn was happier
With Cousin Carrie's smile.

The woody thickets closed us round;
But sunbeams slim and fair,
They gleamed on Carrie's cheek and neck,
And loops of yellow hair.
I see her just as then: I sit
Here on the stile alone;
And sadder with the setting day
The woods and I are grown.

☞ Each day has its own sorrow, but each day has its own strength; and as we draw near to the close of our journey, the sorrow decreases and the strength increases.

☞ Either a thing is right to be done or it is not; there should be no neutral ground between duty and inclination.

Useful Receipts.

Straw Bleaching.—Straw hats and bonnets are bleached by putting them, previously washed in pure water, into a box with burning sulphur; the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed bleaches them.

Cleaning Oil Cloths, &c.—Oil or painted cloths should be laid only on dry floors. If the floor is in the least damp, the cloth will soon mildew and rot. Such cloths, laid even in the dryest situation, should be wetted as little as possible. When to be cleaned, they should be wiped with a wetted cloth, and rubbed gently till dry.

To Make Lard Candles.—To every eight pounds of lard add one ounce of nitric acid, and the manner of making it is as follows:—Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and mold the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle. A small proportion of beeswax makes them harder.

To Wash Shawls.—Almost all kinds of shawls bear washing, and they should be done as the Thibet cloths and delaines, except that when there is much white in them, or they are composed chiefly of delicate colors, there should be a very little blueing in the last rinsing water, and after being fifteen minutes on the clothes line, they should be laid perfectly smooth into a sheet, which should then be folded up, (not *rolled*, because that will make wrinkles,) and as soon as the water is absorbed, so that the shawl remains only very damp, iron it on the wrong side until it is dry, then fold it, making the creases as when it was new.

Domestic Fruit Cake.—I send you the following receipt for domestic fruit cake, which, in these days of high prices of foreign fruit, will be found a great saving, and pronounced by good judges to be "first rate," equal to that which is "far-fetched and dear-bought."

Soak two cups dried apples over night; in the morning, simmer them in three cups of molasses, with two or three kinds of spices; add two-thirds of a cup of any shortening you may have, and a teaspoonful of soda; flour enough for a stiff batter. An egg or two improves it. This quantity will make two small loaves or one large one. Try it, and our word for it, you will make it the second time.

Agricultural.

WATERING HORSES.

The quantity as well as quality of the water given a horse will greatly affect his condition. Perhaps no animal is more distressed by thirst than the horse, a fact not generally known, or if known, not fully appreciated. Horses should be watered *regularly*, when not at work, as well as when at work, provided, in the latter case, that care is taken not to let him have it when overheated by work. Irregularity in the supply of water is often followed by a refusal to partake of solid food, and more frequently by colic and founder, in consequence of his drinking inordinately when an opportunity offers. For horses, when they are not at work, it is perfectly safe to keep a supply of pure water always within their reach; but as before remarked, there is some danger in this plan when they are worked or driven, and are likely to become overheated.

There is a very certain way of determining when a horse has been neglected. If the master, on entering the stable and lifting the water bucket, finds the animal placing himself in an attitude of expectation, and eagerly gazing upon the vessel, it is point blank evidence that his usual supply of water has been withheld. Whenever it is possible, let the horse have water from a running stream.—*Stock Journal.*

A Wonderful Plant.—Within a few years one of the most singular vegetable productions has been discovered in the Damara country, in Africa. The plant grows to be a century old, and its trunk attains a circumference of fourteen feet, yet it never produces more than two leaves, and these singularly enough, are the first or seed leaves of the plant. Imagine the two seed leaves of a squash to keep on growing and spreading over the soil until they reach a length of six feet each, and some idea can be formed of this vegetable wonder. The two leaves which are split into innumerable thongs that lie curling upon the surface of the soil, are all the foliage that the plant ever produces. The plant inhabits dry regions, where rain rarely if ever falls, and has no need of a large surface of foliage. Flower-stems spring from the trunk, and produce cones about the size of those of the spruce fir. The name of this strange plant is *welwitschia mirabilis*, and it belongs to the family of *Gnetaceæ*, of which we have no representatives found native in our climate; it is allied to the pine family, however.

Coughing Horses—Cause and Cure.—It is well known that feeding horses on clover hay often makes them cough, but the why and wherefore may not be so generally known. From observation I have become fully satisfied that the manner of feeding hay to horses is the cause. The usual custom is to let them draw it through a rack, thus stripping off the fine dust which adheres to the stalk, which being drawn into the lungs in respiration produces the cough. The cure consists in removing the cause—that is, the racks—and allowing the animals to take their food in the natural way. I have removed all of mine, and now feed my horses on the barn floor, having a breastwork sufficiently high for them to eat over. In this way they can be fed hay without raising a dust, they get none under their feet, and the labor of cleaning out mangers is saved. Whatever is left is easily pushed out with a rake into the yard for the cattle. The dust on the hay will do the horses no harm if taken into the stomach. Since making the improvement above mentioned in my feeding apparatus I am not troubled with coughing horses. There is no patent on my invention; my brethren can use it freely.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

Signs of a Good Ox.—You should stand before him and be sure he has a fine hazel eye, large nostrils, long from the eye to the nostril, broad at and above the eye, rather slim horns, toes straight out before him, straight in the knees, bosom full, back straight, and ribs round and wide at the hips. If you find these points, you need not ask of what breed he is, but if you want one, buy him. A little black eyed ox is not to be depended on, as he will kick and be ugly, while a short-ox will start from the whip, but he will soon forget.

Pruning Apple Trees.—Mr. L. G. Brown, in the Boston Cultivator, says—"That spring, when the buds are swelling and the sap in full flow, is a very bad time. Yet there are many who prune more or less every spring." More apple trees are destroyed by such injudicious pruning than by all the canker worms and caterpillars combined. Prune in June, when the sap is comparatively at rest, or in October, soon after the fall of the leaf, and so on for a month or two.

☞ A story is related of an enterprising editor in an interior town, who, finding the body of a man hanging to a lamp-post one night, after his own paper had gone to press, cut it down and carried it home, to prevent his rival from publishing the news—and was himself indicted for the murder.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 77 letters.
My 31, 53, 27, 42, 77, 22, 70, 59, 3, was a general and esteemed friend of Geo. Washington.
My 35, 6, 66, 47, 17, 21, 5, 10, 16, is a Union general.
My 39, 8, 43, 31, 26, 7, is a town in Virginia.
My 53, 37, 61, 75, 59, 23, 7, 39, 73, 61, 56, 43, was a great steamer.
My 49, 74, 50, 12, 63, 71, 14, 31, is a Union general.
My 31, 62, 45, 44, 57, 73, is a large city.
My 30, 4, 28, 51, 32, 40, 53, 6, was a celebrated iron clad.
My 65, 12, 16, 13, 76, 50, 40, 41, are said to be most beautiful women.
My 55, 18, 15, 35, 44, was a traitor to his government.
My 1, 74, 49, 71, waits for no man.
My 36, 13, 19, 73, 29, 11, 27, 23, 12, 9, is one of the most useful of government institutions.
My 24, 58, 76, 33, 61, 56, is an enemy to whiskers.
My 27, 31, 63, 37, 61, 48, 12, 17, 68, 64, 24, 25, 20, 38, 54, 52, 75, 31, 67, was truly an "angel of mercy."
My 39, 60, 69, 31, 45, 2, was a battle of the present war.
My whole was two events that took place in this country the past year. GEO. H.
Pittsburg, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a body of water.
My 2d often warns people of approaching danger.
My 3d has sought out many inventions.
My 4th is a pit or valley.
My whole are straits well known to navigators.
Elba, Minnesota. C. JONES.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in month, but not in week.
My 2d is in find, but not in seek.
My 3d is in lost, but not in gone.
My 4th is in three, but not in one.
My 5th is in wood, but not in ash.
My 6th is in clean, but not in wash.
My whole was an eminent English poet.
Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill. R. VASEY, *Jr.*

PUZZLE.

Any one who can read the following may be considered smart on puzzles. Try it:

Mistress to Servant.
If the B m t put:
If the B . putting:
Servant to Mistress.
How can I put: when
There is such a -der?

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of lead pipe which is 28 7-16 inches in length—in circumference it measures 4 inches. The diameter of the hole running through the pipe is ⅝ of an inch; supposing that 5 inches (cubic) make a pound, how many pounds are there in the pipe?
Philadelphia. R. J. McBRIDE.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a plane triangle is 60 acres and 70¼ perches; the perpendicular from the vertical angle divides that angle in the ratio of 3 to 4, and the base into two segments which differ by 126 perches. Required—the sides of the triangle? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are ladies secrets like clever pickpockets? Ans.—Because they often escape.

☞ Why is the walking attire of a nobleman like the ragged suit of a beggar? Ans.—Because it is worn *out*.

☞ Why cannot a schoolmaster take only little scholars? Ans.—Because he must have two *pupils* above his shoulders.

☞ Why are parentices infants like the lookers-on at Punch? Ans.—Because they are orphan (often) children.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." RIDDLE—Clam, lamm, am. CHARADE—Office (offices.) ANAGRAMS—Lisbon, Constantinople, Valparaiso, Nashville, Detroit, Copenhagen, Plymouth, Little Rock, Burlington, Merida.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, published March 19th. Surface of sphere seen by squirrel 14.28 feet; distance seen by squirrel 2.231 feet. Walter Siverly. The squirrel can see 1-29 of the surface of the globe; distance from point to point 2.133 feet. J. N. Sodera. The part seen by squirrel 14.28 square feet; distance from point to point 2.148565 feet. Morgan Stevens and R. Barto.

Answer to PROBLEM by R. Barto, published March 19th. Altitude 22.6274 inches, diameter of base 33.9411 inches. Walter Siverly and R. Barto.

Morgan Stevens sends the answer to the PROBLEM, published March 12th. The distance the water will spout from the foot of the cylinder on the plane will be 20 inches.

Answer to R. Barto's PROBLEM published March 12th, is 115.47 sq. rods; Morgan Stevens, 230.94; W. Severly.